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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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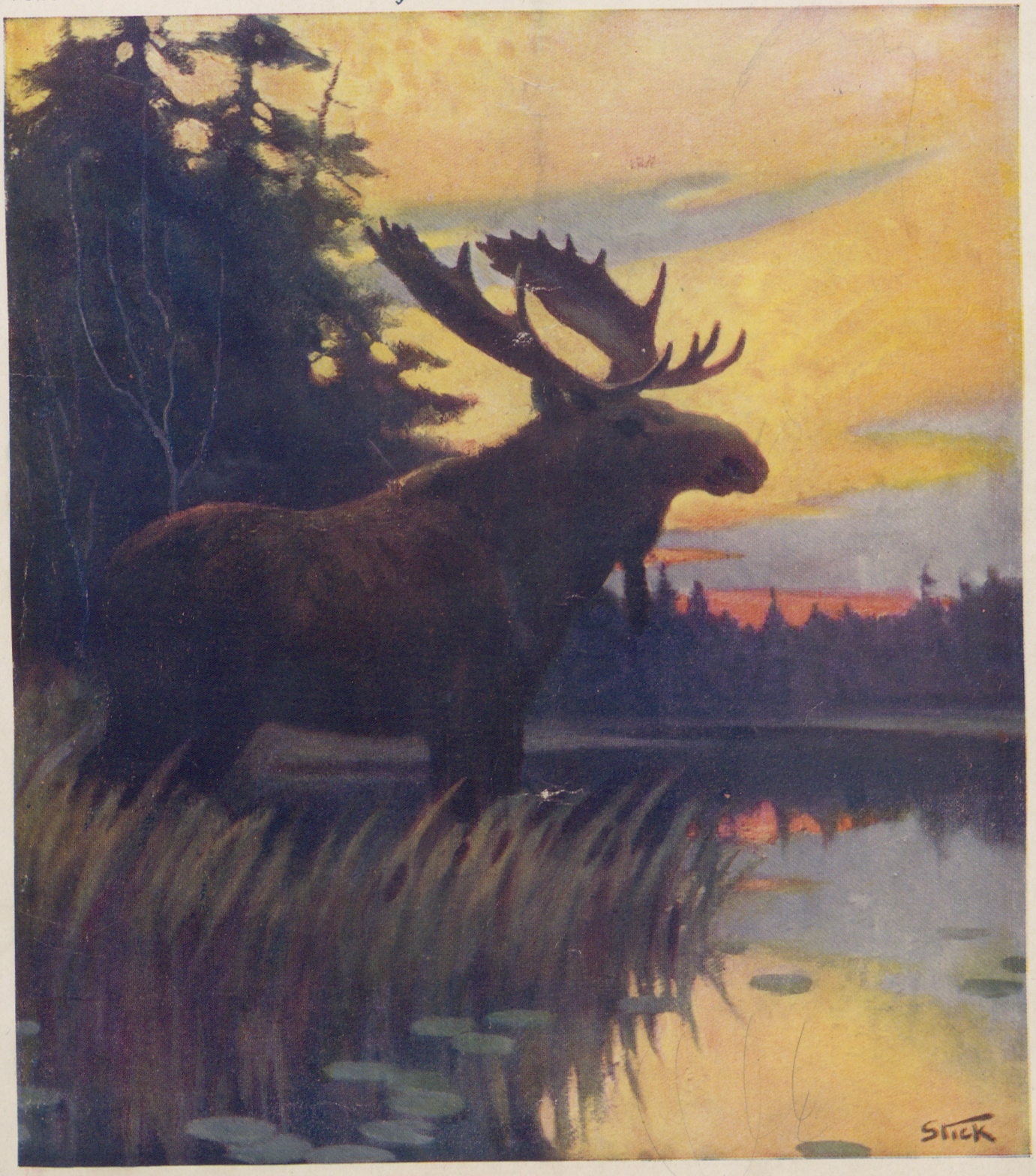

Zane Grey—Hugh Fullerton—Sir George Aston

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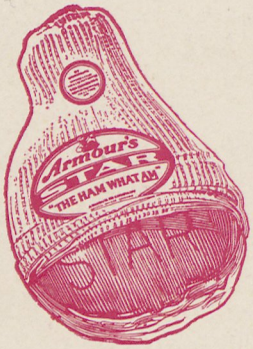

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than two years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of a sufficient number of biological experiment stations so that scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the conditions of waters, wild lands, public shooting grounds and preserves in order to determine the proper species of fish and game to be planted therein.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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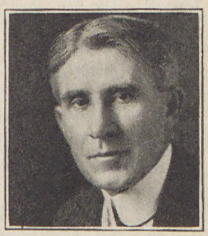


UNDER this heading will appear stories and articles by Zane Grey on a wide range of outdoor subjects. Second only in interest and charm to accompanying Zane Grey on his wonderful fishing, hunting and camping trips are these stories by this world famous writer and sportsman.

THE EDITOR

At the Mouth of the Klamath

How Zane Grey landed a 57-lb. Chinook Salmon on an 8-ounce bait rod.

By Zane Grey.

UPON arriving in Seattle from Vancouver Island we sent our Tuna Club light tackles home by express, reserving only the fly rods and casting rods we expected to use on steelhead trout in Oregon. And this circumstance seems wholly accountable for the most extraordinary fishing adventure I ever had. It happened on our way home, after the beautiful Rogue River, with its incomparable steelhead, had captivated us and utterly defeated us, and when we had given up for this trip.

Leaving Grants Pass, Oregon, we visited the remarkable caves west of there, and then journeyed on over the Cascades to Crescent City, on the coast. I have no space here to tell of that beautiful ride and of the magnificent forests of redwoods still intact in northern California.

Some miles below Crescent City we came to a quaint little village called Requa. All we knew of it was that it was the place where we had to ferry across the Klamath River. The town perched upon a bluff, high over the wide river, and appeared to have one street. A long, low white tavern, old and weather-beaten, faced the sea; and the few stores and houses were characteristic of a fishing village. Indeed the place smelled fishy. I saw Indians lolling around on the board walks, and as we drove down under the bluff toward the ferryboat I espied numerous Indian canoes, and long net boats, sharp fore and aft.

Zane Grey with his 57-lb. Chinook Salmon.

We had to wait for the ferryboat to come across. While watching the wide expanse of river, more like a bay, I saw fish breaking water, some of them good heavy ones. Next I heard two young men, who were behind us in a Ford, talking about fish. Whereupon I got out and questioned them. Fish! Why, Requa was the greatest place to fish on the coast. In justification of their claim they showed me three Chinook salmon, averaging thirty pounds, and several large steelhead, all caught that morning in less than an hour.

"What'd you catch them with?" I inquired.

"Hand lines and spoons," was the reply.

Then I went back to our car and said

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

to the driver, who was about to start for the ferryboat:

"Back out of here somehow. We're going to stay."

R. C. and Lone Angler Wiborn eyed me with slow-dawning comprehension. They were tired. The trip had been long and hard. The drive over that dangerous road of a thousand sharp curves had not been conducive to comfort nor happiness. And on the whole they had been very much disappointed in our fishing. The end of September was close at hand, and we were due to arrive in Flagstaff, Arizona, on the twenty-ninth for our hunt in the wilds of the Tonto. I appreciated their feelings and felt sorry, and rather provoked with myself. But obviously the thing to do was to take a chance on Requa.

"Only one day, boys," I added, apologetically.

"What for?" queried R. C.

"Why, to fish, of course," I replied.

"Ahuh!" he exclaimed, with a note of grim acquiescence.

Lone Angler's face was perfectly expressionless, calm as a mask. He looked at R. C.

"Sure, we're going to stop. I knew that all the time. I was just waiting until the Chief smelled fish."

"But we haven't any tackle," protested R. C.

I had forgotten that. Assuredly our trout tackles were not fitted for Chinook salmon.

"Maybe we can buy some tackle," I said. "Anyway we're going to wet some lines."

Whereupon we went back to the Inn, engaged rooms, got our baggage and tackle out of the car, and after lunch proceeded to investigate Requa in reference to things piscatorial.

Verily it turned out to be a fishing village, and the most picturesque and interesting one I ever visited. But all the tackle we could discover in the several stores were the large spoons and hand lines which were used there. We purchased some of the spoons, but the hand lines we passed by. Next we got one of the storekeepers to engage a launch and two skiffs, and men to operate them for us, and somewhere around three o'clock we were out on the water.

I drew a long flat-bottom net boat, which was a great deal easier to handle than one would suppose from looking at it, and the young man who rowed it was employed in the canning factory. He did not appear to be communicative, but he did say that the tide was going out, and that the morning incoming tide was best.

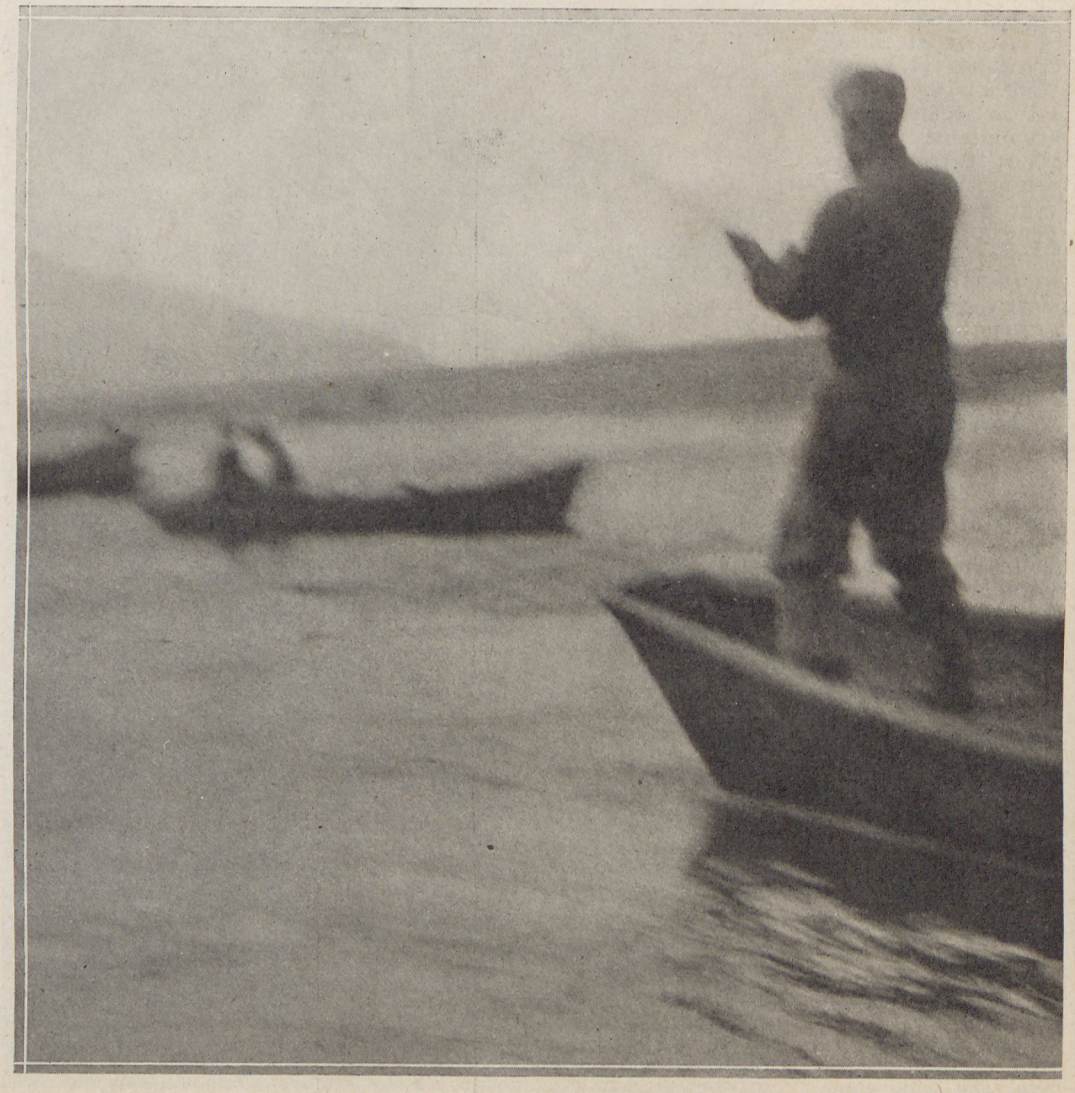
The day was not propitious. With the sky overcast, dark and gloomy, and little fine gusts of rain flying, the air cold, and the wind keen, it did not appear a favorable nor opportune enterprise. I regretted subjecting R. C. and Lone Angler to more privation, discomfort, and work. Not that they were not cheerful! Two gamer comrades never pulled on wet boots in the dark of dawn! As for myself I did not really care—the thing to do was to try—no one could ever tell what might happen. So we made ready to troll around that bay.

Lone Angler had found a steel rod, which he equipped with a trout reel full of light line, and he waved that at me with these enigmatical words: "Now fish, you Indian! We got here first!"

R. C. and I had found two green Leonard bait rods that had been made for me some years before, and had never been used. They were about nine feet long, slender and light, but remarkably stiff, and really unknown quantities. I had ordered them to try on bonefish but had never used them. For bass they would have been ideal. I had a good-sized reel half full of number six linen line, and to this I tied the end of two hundred yards of braided silk bass line. For a leader I used one purchased at Campbell River for tyee salmon, and selected a moderate-sized steelhead spoon with two hooks. Thus equipped, and with misgivings and almost a contempt at my own incomprehensible assurance, I began to fish. I did not look to see what R. C. put on his rod. I knew he was doomed to catastrophe, so it did not matter.

My boatman rowed me down the bay, not, however, very near the mouth of the river. But I could see that the bay constricted, with a high rocky bluff, almost a mountain, on one side, and a wide sand bar on the other. Evidently the mouth of the river was narrow. I heard the boom of surf and the scream of sea fowl.

There were several other boats out with fishermen



"I stepped up on the stern side and desperately strained every nerve to perform the

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dragging hand lines behind them. Here and there on the yellow, rather muddy surface fish were breaking. I trolled up and down and around that bay until I was thoroughly cold and tired and discouraged, without a strike. R. C. and Wiborn had no better luck. We went back to the Inn, where a warm fire and good supper were most welcome.

After supper I went over to talk with the storekeeper. He struck me as being part Indian, and I had confidence in him. I told him of our luck. He advised me to stay on and try the incoming tide, early in the morning. He said the outgoing tide was not good for fishing. So after considerable argument with myself I decided to stay.

"Boys, go to bed early," I said. "Tomorrow we'll try again."

Next morning was clear. I saw the sun rise. What a difference it made! The air was crisp and clear, invigorating, and the day promised to be one of Indian summer. We got to the boats early, before any one else was down. The man with the launch had not arrived. Lone Angler said he would wait for him while R. C. and I took out one of the long skiffs. I found it very easy to row.

Requa, and the mouth of the Klamath did not seem the same place as yesterday. All the way down the bay I marveled at the difference. Could it have been wholly one of spirit? The sun was bright on the dancing waves. Fish were breaking everywhere. Pelicans were soaring and swooping, and smashing the water. Myriads of sea gulls were flying and screaming over the long sand bar. Low and clear came the sound of the surf. I rowed straight for the mouth of the river to get into that narrow channel, where my adviser had earnestly solicited me to go. Before we got down to it I was struck with the singular beauty of the place. Huge cliffs, all broken and ragged and colored, loomed over the west shore of the channel, and on the eastern side the long bar ran down to a point where I could see the surf breaking white.

"Say, some place!" exclaimed R. C., as he turned to look ahead. His eyes lightened with enthusiasm. "Fish, too. . . . . Gee! look at that splash!"

When we got to the channel we found it to be several hundred yards long, and perhaps a hundred wide at the narrowest part. It was not straight, having a decided curve. A swift current of dark green sea water was running in, to be checked by the pale yellowish muddy water of the river. There was a distinct irregular line extending across the channel, the line of demarkation where the fresh water contended against the incoming tide of salt water. There was indeed a contest, and the sea was slowly conquering, driving the river back. In this boiling, seething maelstrom, salmon and steelhead and cohoes were breaking water. On the point of sand a flock of sea gulls were gathered, very active and noisy. They were flying, wading, standing around, some of them fighting, and all of them screaming. Black cormorants were diving for small fish, and every time one came up with his prey in his bill several of the gulls would charge him, and fight for his prize.

I took everything in with quick appreciative glances. How glad I was I had elected to try this morning! The charm of the place suddenly dawned upon me. Looking out toward the sea I saw the breakers curl green and sunlit, and fall with a heavy boom. Along the rocky point of the channel there was a line of white water, turbulent and changing, the restless chafing of the waves. And that river of dark ocean water, rushing in, swelling in the center, swirling along the rocks, and running over the sandy bar, assuredly looked as dangerous as it was beautiful.

"New sort of a place for us, hey?" inquired R. C., gazing around. "Never saw the like. What do you make of it?"

"Great!" I exclaimed. "I'll bet we break some tackle here."

I rowed to and fro along the edge of the incoming tide several times without R. C. getting a strike. Then I said: "I'm going to get out into that tide. You let your spoon down to where the salt and fresh water meet."

R. C. looked dubiously at the swelling green current, as if he thought it would be hard to row against, and perhaps not safe. I had found that the big skiff moved easily, and I had no trouble getting out fifty yards or more right into the middle of the channel.

Almost immediately R. C. yelled: "Strike! —Missed!" Inside of a minute he had another, and hooked the fish. It began to leap.

"Steelhead, by Jove!" he shouted. I rowed out of the current, back into the river water, and watched as pretty an exhibition of leaping fish as one would want to see. This steelhead cleared the water eight times and fought savagely. R. C. handled him rather severely. After he had landed the steelhead I rowed back into the channel and R. C. let his spoon down into that frothy mêlée of waters.

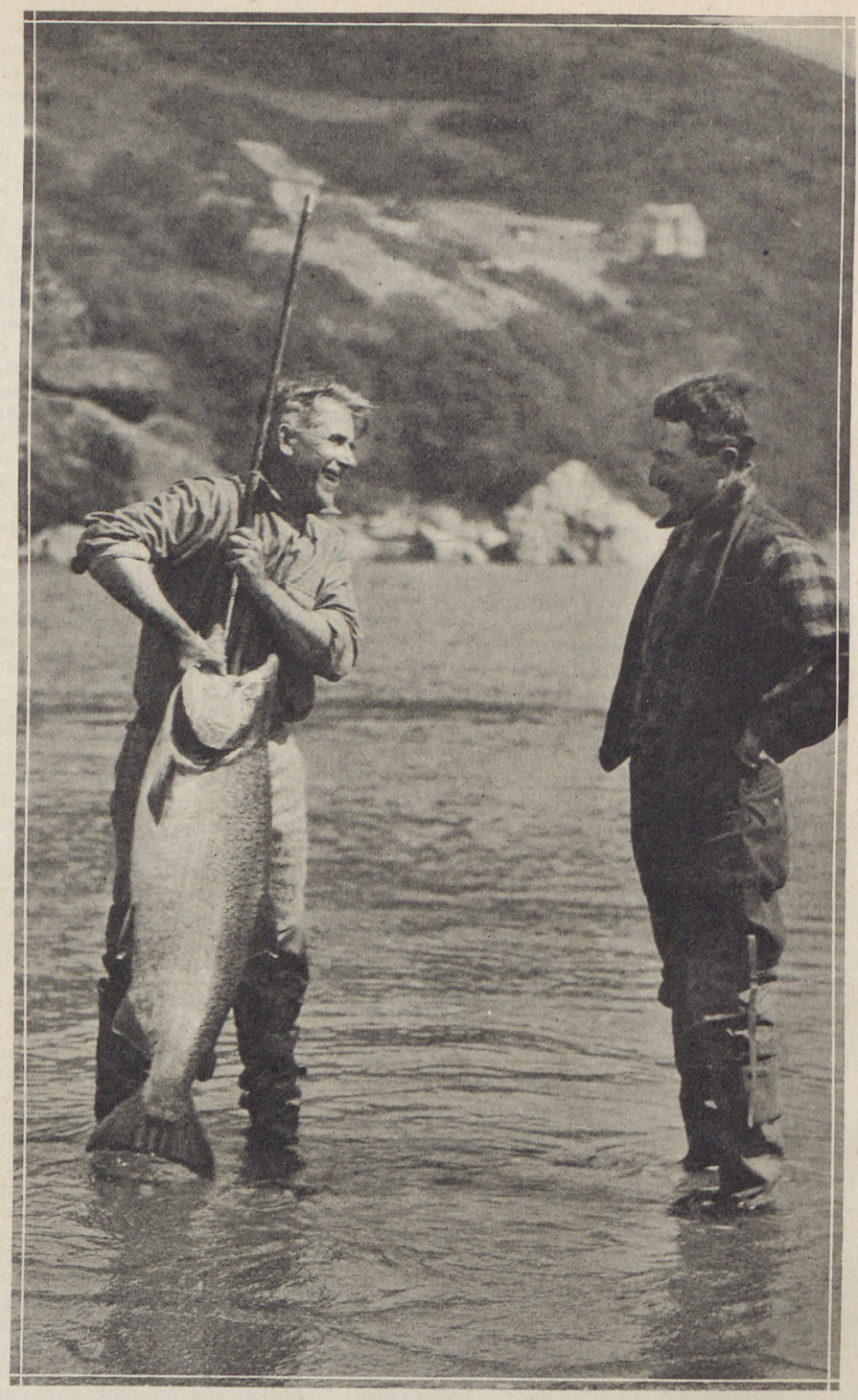
"This won't be much fun for you," asserted my brother.

"Fish!" I yelled. It was not easy to hold the boat in one place. Only by rowing hard could I keep even with a certain point. R. C. had two strikes, one of which was very heavy, but both fish missed the hook. Then he connected with one, a fish that kept low down and pulled hard. I rowed with all my might, holding the boat in the current while R. C. fought his fish. But I gave out and had to drift back into the dammed-up river water where my brother soon landed a cohoe.

most difficult task given me in my angling experience."

"Let's try anchoring out there," suggested R. C. "Maybe we won't stick. But we can't drift out to sea, that's certain."

This was a good idea. Promptly rowing back to the same position, and then twenty yards farther, I dropped the oars, and scrambling to the bow threw over the anchor. It caught and held in perhaps twenty feet of water. The boat swung down current, and straightening, rode there as easily as a cork. We were amazed and delighted. R. C. let out his spoon, down into that eddying, fluttering rip tide, while I took up my own tackle to get it ready. This was a moment of full content. No hurry to fish! I gazed around me, at every aspect of this fascinating place, as if to absorb it with all senses. I saw that the attractive features were all increasing. The sun was higher and brighter. The sky had grown deeply blue. Thousands of sea fowl were now congregated on the sand bar, and their piercing cries sounded incessantly. There the sea could not be forgotten for a moment. How the green billows rose higher and higher, to turn white, and spread on the strand! The surf was beating harder, the tide coming in stronger. Foot by foot the yellow water receded before the onslaught of the green. How strange that was! These waters did not mix. Music and movement and color and life! Every time a rosy shining steelhead leaped near the boat I had a thrill. I felt grateful to him for showing the joy of life, the need of a fish to play, and have a fleeting moment out of his natural element. Yet I also wanted to catch him! This was not right and I knew it, but the boy in me survived still and was stronger than all ethical acquisitions.



"—with the great sweep of tail and the cruel jaws he was indeed a wonderful fish."

"Wow!" yelled R. C., jumping up with his green rod wagging. I heard his reel whizz. "Did you see that son-of-a-gun? . . . Goodbye to your green rod!"

This fish broke water on the surface, but he did not come clear out. I saw the pink color of him and part of his back.

"Big steelhead. Pull him up to the boat," I said.

"Aw!" That protest was all R. C. made. Perhaps he wanted to save his breath. For he certainly had all he could handle in that swift water. The steelhead did not jump nor run; he just stayed down at the end of that mill race and defied R. C.

(Continued on page 316)

Every month in this magazine there will appear articles and stories by the incomparable outdoor writer

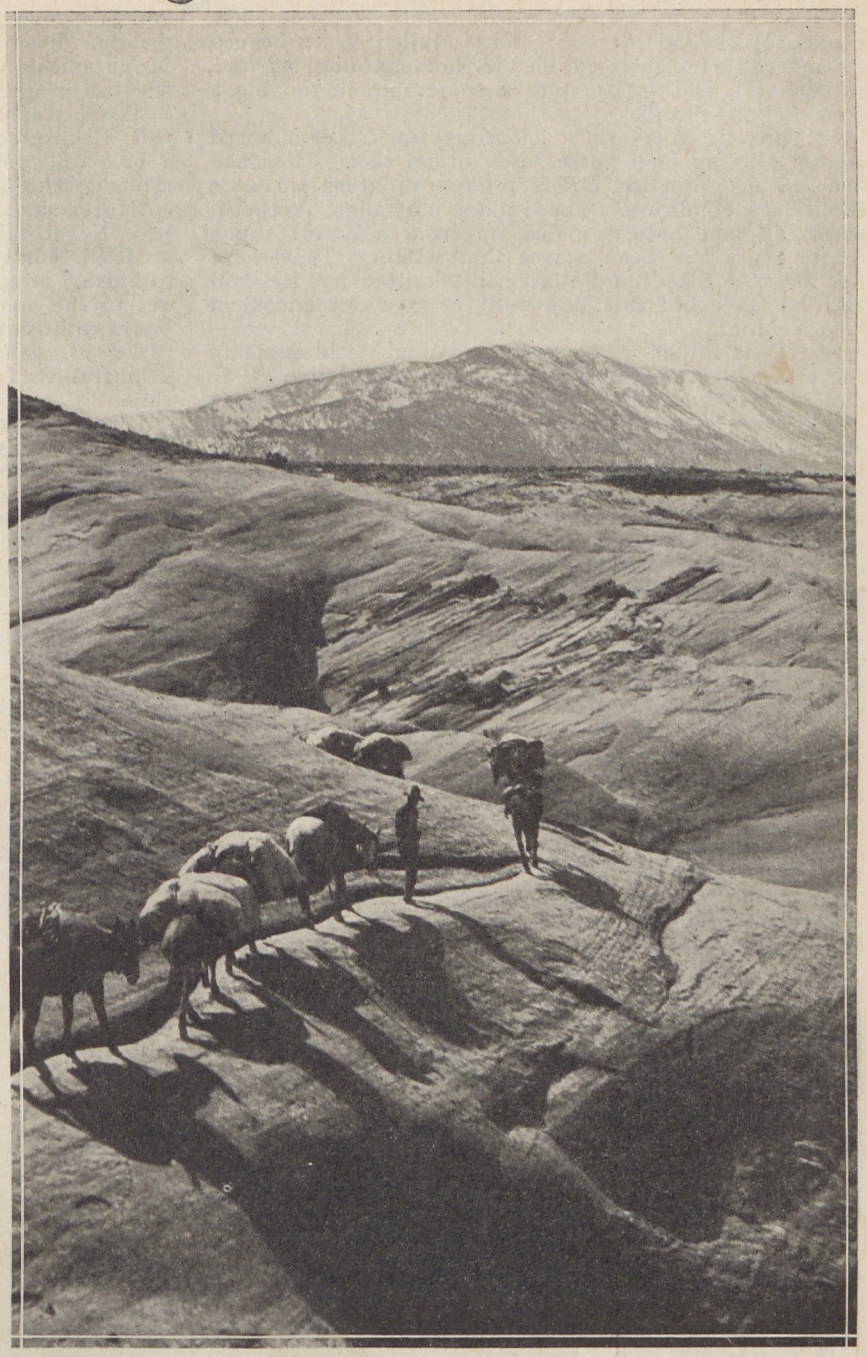
ZANE GREY

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Trails *Over the* Glass Mountains

By ZANE GREY

These illustrations were taken at great risk by Zane Grey and the members of his party



"The bare summits of this glassy range resembled the surface of a heaving sea."

IN 1913 John Wetherill, noted scout and Indian trader of northern Arizona, took me to the wonderful Rainbow Bridge. We rode and climbed some of the hardest trails in the southwest, and in so doing suffered the loss of several horses—a heart-breaking experience. Most of these misadventures befell us in crossing a range of low mountains of smooth polished wind-worn rock that we named the Glass Mountains.

In April, 1922, I undertook the same journey, taking as trail comrades my brother, R. C., and my friend Wiborn. Wetherill, with his Indians and cowboys, had charge of the guiding and packing; and Lee Doyle, son of the old pioneer, Al Doyle, who had been my guide for ten years, had charge of my own horses.

Wetherill strongly advised against taking these horses; and he was wholly sincere in his argument as to the risks. All the horses I have written about, except Silvermane and Wildfire, both wild stallions of the uplands, I have owned. Night, the beautiful charger who raced with Black Star in Riders of the Purple Sage, is still living and as noble and spirited and beautiful as ever. Of course I would never risk him on bad trails. He has earned his rest in green pastures and clear waters, where he can graze and whistle and prance and drink to his heart's content. Especially loth was Wetherill to endanger our five favorites—White Stockings, Sarchedon, Cricket, Nig, and Mary Mullen. It would have been pretty hard to beat any of them.

White Stockings was my favorite, a superb bay with white face and white feet. He was spirited, intelligent, and had the easiest gait of any horse I ever bestrode. To ride him was like sitting in a rocking-chair. He was practically tireless. A remarkable feature about White Stockings was the fact that he was built so that a saddle never slipped on him, even on the steepest trails. He could run like a streak. I had tested out all these good points during three fall hunting trips over the rough timbered country of the Tonto Basin.

Sarchedon was a big dark charger of a horse, hard to manage and ride, but the kind that cowboys chose—which is the best praise of any horse. He had been with us on four trips. Cricket was a yellow bay, rather small in stature, but well built, and a graceful stepper. He had an easy trot, and he would get out in front of the outfit and stay there all day. If any horse passed him he would be restless and fretful until he got the lead again. Cricket did not like cowboys. He had belonged to Lee Doyle's sister, who had ridden him when she was a child and he was a colt; and perhaps that was why he did his best work for a woman rider. But in his eight previous trips with me, he had thoroughly proved his value. Nig was a coal black horse, not particularly remarkable for points. He did not show off. Apparently he was lazy, sleepy. But Lee Doyle declared him the safest horse, the best horse on bad trails that he had ever had any experience with. Nig had chased lions and bears, and kept with the hounds on many of our hunts in the Tonto, and he had a

reputation second to none. Mary Mullen was a beautiful racer, a dark clean-cut slender horse, young, spirited, rather wild, and as Lee put it, sometimes in too big a hurry on bad trails.

In spite of Wetherill's solicitous fears, Lee advised me to take my own horses, risk or no risk. They had been eating grain and alfalfa for two months, and were in perfect condition. The Indian mustangs Wetherill used had just been rounded up from a desert range where grass had been scarce that winter. They were not in good shape, and Wetherill admitted it. He said each of us could ride one until it gave out and then take another.

So I was rather in a quandary. What decided me in the end to take my own horses was the fact that R. C. and Wiborn had both suffered exceedingly on the long desert ride from Flagstaff to Kayenta. R. C. had started out with a crippled shoulder and should never have come at all. Wiborn's bad legs, overworked in his college athletic days, when he was champion of the track team, had buckled under him. Moreover, we had encountered snow, sleet, icy gales, sand and dust storms, and hot weather, all in that ten days' ride out to Wetherill's. We not only needed but deserved the best of horses. Whereupon I decided the matter.

"Wetherill, we'll take my own horses," I said. "Put R. C. on Nig. Lee will ride Sarch. I'll ride Stockings. And we'll let Wiborn start out on that great mule of yours."

"I wish I had one like him for all of us to ride," observed the trader.

"Why a mule for me?" demanded my friend, loftily. "I can ride Mary Mullen."

"I reckon you could—for a way," I replied, dryly. "But wait till we get over to the Glass Mountains."

Both my brother and friend, new to this upland country, inquired rather dubiously and concernedly about these Glass Mountains. I looked at Wetherill, and he explained that the hills mentioned were some steep slippery slopes of rock where he always lost horses.

"Humph!" ejaculated my crippled brother, glumly.

Wiborn's hazel eyes shadowed with a far-off expression of longing, as if he had suddenly thought of home.

"Wetherill, you once told me about an old Piute trail that led over to Navajo Mountain," I said. "Have you ever taken any one on it?"

"No. I started out with a fellow some years back, but he only lasted one day."

"Then there haven't been any white men on this Piute trail?"

"Shore I reckon not," he drawled.

"Well," said I grimly, "it's your Piute trail for us—then the Glass Mountains—and then the Rainbow trail, and Nonnezoshe—all in one trip."

"Now you're talking," declared Wetherill.

R. C. uttered a faint groan and sagged back against a bale of wool. Wiborn seemed bereft of that usual radiance characteristic of him.

"Never said I'd come on this trip," he declared, wildly. "Never said it!"

"Well, you've both come so far, and you're going to finish," I replied. "When we get down in the canyons out of the cold you fellows will warm up. Don't lose your enthusiasm just because there are no bear or turkey or fish on this trip. It is certainly the most beautiful trail in the west, and worth all the hardship."

This narrative is concerned with the Glass Mountains. What our experience was on Wetherill's Piute trail shall be chronicled elsewhere. Suffice it to say here that our genial guide ran true to western form, inasmuch as he had not represented Piute trail half so heart-breaking as it turned out to be.

From the slope of Navajo Mountain, where the long cedar and pinon bench broke off abruptly and looked down into the vast naked Utah wilderness, there is a scene unparalleled in the west.

It fell to me to name it Marching Rocks. From east and north for over a hundred miles a wild world of wind-worn rocks waved and piled toward us. It bore some semblance to a stupendous flock of gray and yellow sheep with round backs closely pressed together. But every one of these bare stone backs was almost a mountain in itself, and surely in between each one was

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a crevice that was in reality a deep canyon. Piute Canyon was there, and Escalante Canyon, and San Juan Canyon, and the Grand Canyon,—all mere winding dark threads across the leagues of stone. In the foreground the mass broke into stragglers, as if the leaders of the flock were marching ahead. How singularly did the effect of life, of action, strike the eye!

Away beneath us to the west yawned a green rolling plain of cedar across which ran the range of glassy stone hills we had to climb. They looked close, yet were perhaps twenty miles distant. Beyond seemed to spread a chaos of red and yellow walls, ramparts, crags, towers, a bewildering expanse of tilted earth, bare as bleached ribs of bone, extending far as the eye could see. One striking landmark dominated the scene—Wild Horse Mesa—a stupendous red-walled mountain, frowning, black-fringed and isolated. Insurmountable as it seemed I vowed to climb it some day. It was well to gaze at this wind-worn wilderness from so far aloft, for once down there, a true perspective was not possible.

We camped that night under the huge looming bulk of Navajo Mountain, on one of the beautiful cedar and sage upland plains I loved so well. The purple sage spread on all sides, fragrant, colorful, strangest and most beautiful growth of the desert. Piute Indians visited us. We saw the remarkable mustangs of this remnant of a once large tribe. Some were buckskin color, with long tawny manes and tails. One was pure white with black mane reaching the sage, and with longer tail just as black. The Indians left us when darkness fell. At night the sweetness and loneliness and silence of this upland was beyond words to describe.

Next day, early in the afternoon, we reached the base of our Mountains of Glass. At this point the beauty of scenery no longer appealed to me. True, I experienced a keen thrill, but it was one of the cold species, rather chilling to the marrow. Wetherill dismounted and came over to me.

"Reckon you remember how we've got to keep on the move," he warned. "I'll go ahead with the boys and the pack mules. And I'll snap a picture when the chance offers. Lee had better hang back with you, in case you might need help. If a horse slips get out of his way, that's all."

The necessity for keeping in action here on these smooth slopes had always made it difficult to get good pictures of horses and men in the most dangerous places. But this time we had five cameras and expected results.

"Now the idea is this," I suggested. "When one of us gets in a safe place he can snap a picture of the other fellow in a bad place."

Wetherill led the way, climbing as rapidly as possible up the first steep incline. The pack train of mules followed him, and it was remarkable to see how precisely they kept in line with him. There really was no trail. When half a dozen of those laden mules became silhouetted on the sky line they made a thrilling sight.

I sent my companions ahead with Lee in the lead, and I took the rear, leading Stockings and holding my camera in readiness. Steep as was this slope, it was easy to climb because of the soft sandstone. The shoes of the horses and the hobnails in our boots cut deep enough to make slipping unlikely. But in my case the ascent was rendered uncomfortable because Stockings climbed so fast. I could not make him slow up. Therefore I had to stay ahead of him. He kept bumping me with his head, and twice he stepped on my heels, once hurting me considerably.

When we got on top the pack train was out of sight. The bare summits of this glassy range resembled the surface of a heaving sea. I was out of breath. We all rested a moment. Stockings knew this was an unusual procedure. He was not excited or scared. But I thought he seemed rather nervous and in somewhat of a hurry to get the business over.

R. C.'s horse, for all the concern he showed, might have been climbing such trails all his life. Cricket lived up to his repute. But Lee had trouble with Mary Mullen. He had strapped a pack of bedding round Mary and perhaps that annoyed her. Anyway Lee could not lead both Sarchedon and Mary, and so he let Mary go on.

"She'll knock a mule over sure," he said. "Mebbe I'd better ride up these slopes, anyway."

"Don't do it," I said.

But Lee was still a cowboy and bad slopes meant nothing to him. Mounting Sarch he rode on over the summit and down out of sight. Here Wiborn's mule answered to the instincts of his species, and while Wiborn was snapping a picture he trotted on after the other mules.

We went on to the brow of the hill and suddenly came in sight of the pack train winding round a curve lower down. The mules had gotten ahead of Wetherill. For a moment I lost myself in gazing at the wild strange scene. Then I remembered my camera. Of course we could have rested there as long as we cared to, but

When half a dozen of those laden mules and horses became silh ouetted on the sky line, they made a thrilling sight."

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the plan was to keep in sight of the others for the sake of possible pictures.

We started down after Lee. Wiborn now had no horse to bother him, so he was free to use his camera at will. R. C. seemed perfectly confident of Nig, and I concluded he had every reason to be. Stockings, however, was a different proposition. I followed in the rear of the others. Starting down the rather steep incline I held my bridle out at right angles, and called Stockings to come. Without hesitation he followed me, but instead of paying any attention to the bridle he kept at my heels. I saw at once that my walking gave him confidence. Where I walked he could certainly go. He did not mind this in the least. But he would not follow me slowly. I had to go fast, and I could not keep from directly in front of him. The peril to me lay in the possibility of his slipping and knocking me down the slope. But as there was no precipice on this particular hill the danger was not great.

Once down off this summit I drew a deep breath of relief and fortified myself for what lay ahead. After I had threaded my way in and out and around a maze of curves, corners, and slopes, I came abruptly upon the others. It was not a bad place, but a sort of bowl in the hills. The outfit was scattered along the depression, and in the middle somebody was having trouble. I hurried on, and when I got where I could see I was much concerned. Wetherill was running down towards a cowboy below. This individual was holding to a mule that appeared in danger of sliding over.

"Assistance! Assistance!" yelled this cowboy, lustily. His use of the word inclined me to the opinion that he was in fun, but his voice was convincing enough. Nevertheless we laughed. Wetherill reached him, and together they held the mule until the other boys got there. When the mule was rescued from his precarious position and the cavalcade had straightened out, I asked Lee what had happened.

"Mary Mullen tried to force her way past that mule and knocked him off the trail," replied Lee. "The mule fell and turned clear over twice. How he ever escaped sliding over the cliff I can't understand. Wetherill said goodbye to that mule and so did I."

We went on, somewhat sobered by this incident. And as we climbed and descended and wound our way onward the conformation and substance of the rock hills changed. The slopes led down more steeply to abrupt precipices; and the soft sandstone gave way to something nearly as hard as granite. It was easy for a horse to slip, and they all slipped here and there. But for a horse to slip with one foot was not particularly serious. It was when he slipped with both front feet at once, or one front and one hind foot that he was in danger.

"Stockings stepped so that only the upside slope of his shoes touched the rock . . . . If he had slipped he would have fallen a half a thousand feet to his death."

At last we came to what Wetherill considered the worst turn of the trail. Here he had lost most horses and mules. It was a narrow foot-wide trail round a corner projecting over an abyss. The rock was hard as flint, and the width of this trail slanted perceptibly toward the precipice. The instant I saw the place again I regretted that I had subjected my horses to such risks. Here there was little danger for a man, so long as he kept free of his horse. I watched the pack mules creep cautiously round the bend and pass out of sight. Wetherill yelled for me to wait to be the last. Wiborn remained behind with me, intending to photograph me crossing the bad place.

Here Stockings grew restive and pounded the hard rock with his hoofs. I tried to calm him. But he tossed his head and snorted. There was fire in his eye. And I grew alarmed.

Lee, who stood across the declivity with Wetherill, yelled to me. "Come on quick. Stockings thinks he's being left behind. Don't wait. He'll make it like a breeze. Only hurry."

Thus admonished I started down the little bowl-shaped depression that led to the narrow trail. Stockings was too eager. He slipped with all four feet and fell on his side. I held to the bridle, but I was suddenly paralyzed with fear for him. Stockings slid a yard or so, then luckily stopped on the last level of this bowl.

"Pull him up!" yelled Lee. "Talk to him! And come on!"

I did as I was bidden, and it seemed that I was more frightened than my horse. Once on his feet, he shook all over and he snorted. His fine dark eyes seemed to take me in, and the abyss and his narrow escape and the trail ahead. He knew. And at the moment I believed a great deal depended on me. I rose to the occasion.

"Come on, Stockings," I called, and climbed up the slight slope and walked out on the narrow trail as if it was no different from any other place. I saw only

(Continued on page 302)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

Pollution and the Sea

By SWITCH REEL

ALL waters come to the sea.

The effect of fresh water pollution is not confined to the lakes and streams. Such inorganic poisons as may be discharged into a stream debouching into the sea continue their work of destruction as they flow onward in the big water.

The sea is a vast orderly swirl of waters of varying temperatures, salinities and densities. In the order of things the waters of low salinity are found along its shores, crowded there by the law of gravity. It is along the beaches of the coast that the waters of the streams are found, and for this reason, the poisons they contain tend to make barren wastes of sand where the teeming life of the littoral should exist—without which food for the fishes we shall have no fishes along the shores.

A case in point—the rainfall in the Hudson River watershed was below normal in the early part of 1921. Consequently less than a normal quantity of fresh water came down stream to mingle with the influx of the tides. But it bore no less than its normal amount of pollution. The water level about the harbor was maintained, however, by a greater tidal influx whose constant recurrence shortly effected a considerable barrage against the escape of the polluted waters from the harbor.

In May the annual visit of the menhaden came to the harbor. They persisted up stream into Raritan Bay, then holding back an immense quantity of poison from its own industries and those located up the Raritan River. Attacking the bay on the north came the still greater flood of Passaic River poisons emerging from Newark Bay and continuing via the Kill von Kull.

Into these jaws of death went the menhaden by the millions—and back they floated, belly up and rotting. For three weeks this grisly procession of corpses flowed out of Raritan Bay, out around Sandy Hook and was thrown up on eighty miles of New Jersey's beaches.

I crossed that stream of death several times in Raritan Bay. I ran into it on a fishing trip, followed it through the lower bay to Sandy Hook, and I saw the cast ups at half a dozen places between Deal and Manasquan Inlet. Friends fishing as far south as New Inlet reported similar conditions.

The course taken by the dead fish marks the course of the littoral currents and the course of the littoral currents is the course of the poisons they carry.

It is into the surf that the flow from the river comes after it reaches the sea—the surf to which the millions resort for health and recreation. It is at the surf line that our best sporting fishes would feed were the food present—the worms, crustaceans, molluscs and various forms of plankton life without which no fishes can exist. But the existence of this fish food is rendered increasingly difficult by the inorganic poisons which start far toward the headwaters of the streams and receive cumulative additions as the streams become brackish and finally salt where they receive the wastes of the great cities.

Thus are the misfortunes of the salt water angler linked to those of his fresh water brother, and thus will the former be benefited by anything accomplished in purifying the fresh waters.

A Remitted Fine

PROBABLY one of the most interesting cases in the history of the local courts was tried before Squire John W. Flickinger at the Mayor's office on Tuesday. It came from Fremont, the title of it being State of Ohio vs. F. E. Stahl. Prosecuting attorney Shreffler represented the State and John B. Stahl the defendant.

After the usual formalities and amenities between the attorneys the urbane Justice took the case under advisement until the next morning when he rendered his decision, which may be expected to rank high in the history of modern jurisprudence. The Justice said:

"The Attorney General of Ohio having rendered a special opinion that magistrates have final jurisdiction in cases such as this, it is my intention to decide this case on as broad lines as possible.

The charge against the defendant, F. E. Stahl, is a simple one. Mr. Stahl runs what is commonly known as a cut rate drug store at Fremont, Ohio, and he is charged by A. G. Snow, an inspector of the Ohio Board of Pharmacy, with selling him an ounce or two of salicylic acid, contrary to law. The State of Ohio brought a good deal of its official machinery to bear on the matter. Briefly, let us examine some of the things the State of Ohio does and does not do in Sandusky County to punish offenders.

There is an institution at Fremont known as the Sugar Beet Factory, which has been in operation for many years. The poisonous refuse from this factory is turned into the Sandusky River year after year when the factory is operated. Two years ago I read in one of the Fremont papers that "tons and tons" of fish were thus destroyed. A few weeks ago, standing at the Clyde depot there was a Fish and Game Commission car, named "Buckeye." The papers announced with considerable flourish, that this car had distributed many thousands of young fish in the streams in this part of the State, among others in the Sandusky River. The fact that the State spends many thousands of dollars to propagate fish, some of which are put in polluted streams, it seems to me to be prima facie evidence of a species of foolishness; in other words the State of Ohio is no smarter than Kittie Malone who walked three miles to show her pretty face and plump form to a blind pig. At the present time the inky pollution coming from the Beet Factory can be seen for miles and miles down the Sandusky River. In comparison with the outrageous pollution of one of Ohio's great and beautiful rivers, the offense of Mr. Stahl seems infinitesimal. As one of the poets has said:

Sin is a monster of so dire a mien,
To be hated needs only to be seen,
But seen to oft' familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The State of Ohio, in connection with the pollution of the Sandusky River, has long been in the embracing state.

I find Mr. Stahl guilty of the offense with which he is charged, and under the law must fine him fifty dollars and costs, but the fine is suspended until the State of Ohio takes steps to stop the pollution of Sandusky River. I will remit my own costs, but expect the defendant to pay the costs of the witnesses and the constable."

This Goblin will get 'em if WE don't watch out!

River Pollution in England

By R. B. Marston

Reprint from the Fishing Gazette

IN the **Nottingham Journal** of Wednesday, October 24, 1923, "Red Tag," who writes angling notes for that influential paper, gives an interesting account of an interview with Mr. A. N. Bromley, who has done splendid work in the campaign for the Fisheries Act. Mr. B. is one of the best fly-fishers I have ever met, and equally good "dry" or "wet." He always has ready for immediate use a cast for dry fly and a cast for wet fly with three flies, and often changes from one to the other on the same day, if the weather or other conditions change, so it will be seen he is no "purist" as regards method of fishing.

But Mr. Bromley is an out-and-out purist in the "Pure River" agitation. We have had many a smoke over that matter and the question of ways and means. During the last walk we had together along the lovely banks of the Wye in Monsal Dale, Derbyshire, he told me of his wish to get out a little sort of anglers digest of the New Fisheries Act with index, so that anglers of all classes can see how the Act will help them. I said it was an excellent idea and promised to assist in carrying it out. Of course, we must not expect that the new Act will cure all our grievances at once. When the Angling Editor of the **Field**, Mr. H. T. Sheringham, first proposed the policy of co-operation with British industries, probably we were at first all a bit doubtful about asking the lion to come and lie down by the lamb. Mr. Bromley came to see me about it, and we came to the same conclusion, viz., that if by some fair concession we could obtain the active co-operation of British industries, it was the policy to advocate. Mr. Bromley is a member of the Government Standing Committee on River Pollution, on which are representatives of all the inland fisheries interests, as well as of the Federation of British Industries and the Ministry of Health. As will be seen from what he says, Mr. Bromley, who was at first very doubtful about it, is now convinced that the industries are really and genuinely anxious to improve already polluted rivers and prevent waters at present pure becoming polluted. I believe that is the feeling of all the other members of the Committee, including Mr. J. H. R. Bazley, President of the National Federation of Anglers. Personally, I look forward with absolute confidence to a great amelioration of the existing state of our rivers as caused by industries; but much more important than that is the fact that the new Act gives much greater power to deal with other pollutions, such as the sewage of towns and villages and road tarring and sheep washing. My old friend of over 40 years, Mr. J. J. Hardy, tells me that it is difficult to estimate the great amount of damage which has been done in districts in the North of England by poison from sheep washing done on the small trout burns. He speaks with the knowledge of a lifetime. As he says, our farmers are, as a class, good sportsmen, and at least are "good sports;" they do not wilfully destroy trout and other fish. But they will certainly be more careful in the future, like all others who destroy, not only fish, but **also the fry, spawn, and food of fish,** which have never before this Act was passed been afforded any protection. It is to be hoped all Trent anglers will support Mr. Bromley and the Alliance of which he is President in the movement to improve the state of the Trent. They are fortunate in having such an enthusiastic worker in such a great movement.

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

Your request under the caption of "Information Wanted" is heartily welcomed, as I have had a "kick" on my chest for several years past; and I have just recently been considering writing the governor of our state about it. However, for considerate action I should have known that the Izaak Walton League was the logical place to register the complaint. While my complaint may seem insignificant to ones you usually receive, it nevertheless pertains to the pollution of a stream once alive with black bass; and the mecca for fishermen for several miles around.

My home is near Mansfield, Ohio, in Richland County and the only stream of any consequence around there is called the Blackfork; and is the one to which I have reference. In 1914 I started to learn the art of cast-

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ing for bass along this stream near the village of Shiloh, Ohio. Other fisher friends of mine were having fine success and I became imbued with the spirit of game fishing. However, it was not until the year 1916 that I got my first strike and caught my first bass. That summer I caught 42 bass. Other fellows had equal success and it really became a favorite spot.

That winter and the following spring, the Ohio Seamless Tube Company, located at Shelby, Ohio, and a town through which the Blackfork flows, turned a poisonous, reddish acid into the streams; and not only killed all the fish but turned the water and banks to a reddish yellow. The cattle of farmers along the stream later died and although they brought suit against the company for damages for their loss, they were never able to secure authority and justice to prevent this company from polluting the stream with acid. It still is being done and the stream, once a beauty spot, is virtually repulsive because of this pollution.

This evil should be stopped and I believe enough nature lovers would assist; but, so far, action through the channels of the law has been unattainable. The company has fought the thing each and every time and while damages for losses have been paid, they still turn in the acid.

I trust I have not over-stepped the bounds for which your request was intended; but this thing has always "riled" me and I have hoped something could be done to correct the injury.

Very truly yours,
FRANK M. GRIBBEN,
Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR LEAGUE:

For forty years I have lived on the banks of the Allegheny River at Oil City, and no grander river can be found in the states—a natural home for all kinds of game fish and the scenery along its banks in some places unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty, no wonder the Indians called it Sweet Water, and such it was as left by the hand of God for man to enjoy.

But man, the great destroyer, steps in, denudes the hills and valleys of the choicest timber. Not satisfied by that, he starts to hog it, cutting little saplings less than 2 inches in diameter.

Oil refineries, acid works, and tanneries try their best to pollute the waters of the stream with their offal, trying to make the water look like ink, while nature would have it pure and sparkling. The authorities, realizing a little of the destruction going on, appoint a few game wardens, and next you see an article in the daily papers (great work)—a couple of boys **arrested** and **fined** for snaring a few suckers out of Oil Creek (once a clean creek) which empties into the Allegheny River, and is so polluted that the fish are half dead and not fit even for swine to eat. Another case of swallowing an elephant and straining at a gnat, the polluters going scot free, killing fish by the **thousands,** and little boys made the goat!

At the rate we are going, in less than ten years even a German carp will be ashamed to swim in the Allegheny River; by that time it will be only an open sewer and the poor fish, if alive, will bury themselves in the mud and filth. Can't the League help in some way?

CHARLES TUHOLSKI,
Oil City, Pa.

Oily Waters Fatal to Ducks

The Birds Are Unable to Fly or Swim and Are Easy Prey

MONROE, La., Dec. 4.—Crude oil waste from the Arkansas oil field, flowing on the surface of the Ouichita River, is causing the death of thousands of wild ducks, according to hunters along the stream north of Monroe.

The oil gums the feathers of the birds, making it impossible for them either to fly or swim. Persons living near the river are discarding guns for the easier method of killing them with sticks, and many have been caught alive. Attempts to save the lives of the birds by washing the oil from them with gasoline have demonstrated the treatment is fatal.

—Kansas City Times, 12/5/23.

Pollution Is No Respecter of Persons

Reprint from the Dearborn Independent

THE pollution of our inland and seacoast waters is steadily increasing. Hundreds of dead bluefish and other species have been found floating in large fields of oil and tar pollution between New York and New Jersey. An embargo has been issued on soft-shelled clams coming from the Sandy Hook section because of dangerous impurities that might be taken into the human system from these polluted clams. The Great Lakes are being polluted. Shores on the west coast of Florida are poisoned from discharges from phosphate mines. This stealthy poison is no respecter of persons, class or rank. Polluted sea-food may reach the dining table of the bank president as well as the dinner-pail of the ditch digger.

Penalty of Pollution

Reprint from the Dearborn Independent

DURING June and July, 1920, there were about 150 cases of typhoid fever in Pittsburgh, California. This was due to a lack of a stock of liquid chlorin. The water supply from the Sacramento River was pumped into the mains for at least one day without being sterilized, and an epidemic followed. Eighteen typhoid victims pooled their interests and sued the city for damages. They were awarded $32,821, the largest individual amount being $12,500.

WE have Chapters at Cedar Rapids, Cedar Falls, Waterloo and Osage, the four principal cities along the poetically beautiful Cedar river and the chief cause of the rivers being so badly polluted. This beautiful little river contains many black bass of ten inches in size but they have been fighting poison from their birth and if this were not true they would weigh from two and one-half to three pounds.

The Chapters in these cities are now waging an active campaign which will result in each city government passing a bond issue to take care of the city's sewage and in a little while the Cedar River will run as clean and clear as it did when the first pioneer looked down upon it.

This in my judgment is the most advanced step made in one hundred years along practical anti-pollution lines and it will not only offer an object lesson to the state of Iowa but to the whole nation. Already the news of our Chapters' drive along the Cedar River has reached Illinois and since the League has Chapters along the wonderful Rock River, stretching from Janesville, Wis., to Rockford, Ill., the Chapters along the riv r have adopted the Cedar River Chapters' methods and there can be no doubt that public opinion will support them and the Rock River will again run crystal clear.

What better evidence does any sportsman want that the National Organization methods of the I. W. L. A. are the winning methods?

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

A Day Set Apart

By
BURTON F. PEEK

Dedicated to "Mister Charley," but for whose insistence this humble narrative would not have been written

COUNTLESS ages ago, when the cave man was a tadpole and his mate a fish, myriads of lime-secreting corals established themselves upon the crest of a submarine mountain, in the waters of the West Indies, and engaged in the business of reef-building. Generation after generation followed the industry, until in the course of time numbers of sandy beaches arose above the waters. Then the winds and the birds took up their work, bringing offerings of seeds to this virgin shore. A mantle of vegetation soon spread over it, and it was named Bimini, meaning to those versed in its secret lore the Island of Good Luck.

Forty-five miles, almost due east from Miami, just beyond the further edge of the gulf stream, these islands lie. Their contour is that of a horseshoe; their setting is a sea changeable as the opal. Bright blues mingle with delicate greens, sapphires with emeralds, while brownish hues tell of shoals to be avoided. Not for an instant is the color fixed. A shadow, a cloud, a puff of wind, a ray of sunlight, and the picture changes.

We first sighted these shores from the deck of the yacht "Buffalo," Captain William Layton, at four o'clock on the afternoon of March 7, 1919. Our party consisted of Messrs. George and Louis Hilsendegen of Detroit, Charles D. Velie of Minneapolis, and myself. The pilot came aboard us. And such a pilot! Barefooted, tattered and torn, he was none the less one of Bimini's first citizens, respectful and intelligent. He introduced himself as Albert Roberts. We immediately dubbed him "Lord Roberts." He assured us that he knew bonefish as did no one else, so we hastily engaged him for our guide.

The white inhabitants of the island number something less than thirty; the blacks about four hundred. The whites are of English descent; the blacks are the native West Indians, seemingly superior to the African in intelligence. White and black, male and female, young and old, all alike are patched and barefooted; yet, generally speaking, all are intelligent, and most friendly and respectful. They are efficient seamen, sailing, sculling, swimming, diving, with the greatest skill and proficiency. Fishing, turtling, gathering sponges, and raising sisal are the chief industries. In times past, the recovery of the wrecks which had come to grief upon the surrounding reefs was the main occupation of the islanders. It was pursued with the greatest zeal, as the following anecdote will illustrate. A rector was zealously expounding the text on a stormy Sabbath, when a man entered the church and whispered something to the congregation. They reached for their hats and started. "Bill Kemp," said the rector, "what are you saying?"

"Parson," he replied, "there is a wreck on the southwest reef."

"The congregation will remain seated," said the rector severely. "I will remove my surplice, and, boys, we'll start fair."

March 8. We tried bonefishing on the banks off South Bimini. Lou was the only one who met with any success. He landed one fish weighing nine pounds. In the evening we fished for tarpon, but with no success whatsoever.

March 9. Lord Roberts came aboard, and said that if we did not mind, he would not accompany us. It was Sunday, he said, "a day set apart," and he was a deacon. This did not prevent his providing a substitute, less scrupulous than he, who led us to a point near the northeast end of the bay, about three miles from the dock. Here we made what the natives call a "guess drop," and waited for the bonefish to come.

Charley and Lou, with the guide, were in one boat; George and I, with Roy Tingley, one of our crew, were in the other. We had waited two hours without a strike. No one had even thought he had a strike. I had begun to think there was "no such animal." Then one came, we saw him! He took my conch! Nibble, nibble, nibble,—wait, wait, wait. Then I struck. He was away like a flash of lightning. Zip went the line for at least two hundred feet; then he paused, a second only, and was off again for some three hundred feet more. I was wondering if he would ever stop, when George, likewise anxious, asked how much line I had left. We both looked at the spool. It was something less than the thickness of a thumb—not one hundred of the six hundred feet remained on it. Then the fish swerved, churning the water into foam, and came toward the boat. Then a rush to the right of from seventy-five to one hundred feet, then a stop. Then toward the boat again to about one hundred feet from the stern. Then another rush to the right and a stop. Then he started to circle the boat. Once around, twice around. "He will go seven times," said George. Well, he went six and a half times, then darted under the boat. My heart sank, but I dropped the tip of my rod into the water, and prayed. This little recognition of the Sabbath, "a day set apart," had its effect. He came back, circled the boat once more, making seven and a half times in all, and turned on his side, all in. I brought him to the boat. Our net was too small, and we dared not risk our prize by trying to lift him in with our hands, so Roy resorted to the gaff. We weighed him immediately. The scales showed between 13⅞ and 14 pounds. I signaled "14" to Charley and Lou in the other boat. Charley, who held the previous record at 9½ pounds, replied with the Aztec sign. The scales were tested when we came ashore, and found to be a trifle heavy, so that, assuming the original weight to be 13⅞ pounds, instead of 14, and making proper allowance for the scales, the weight of the fish, when taken from the water, was 13¾ pounds, strong.

The natives, or some of them, thought "perhaps and maybe" they had once seen a larger fish caught in a net, but in a conversation among themselves, which we

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were not supposed to hear, they admitted this was the largest bonefish ever caught at Bimini. The books give ten pounds as the utmost limit of weight. Fishermen will appreciate my sensations when the scales told the story of this unprecedented capture. I certainly felt—

" . . . . like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims within his ken."

We photographed our prize; the village carpenter made a coffin and the natives brought flowers. We appointed one of them a special custodian for ten days, when we returned to Miami. By this time we were reasonably sure he was dead and felt safe in committing the remains to Brigham, the Miami taxidermist. The fish is now hanging in my office at Moline, Illinois. All "doubting Thomases" are cordially invited to call.

The time employed in the capture was twenty-seven minutes. The tackle consisted of a six-ounce rod, nine-thread line, free spool. The fish measured thirty-one inches from tip to tip, measuring straight on the side, and seventeen inches in girth.

For the benefit of the many novices and the by no means few experienced anglers who do not know the bonefish, a brief description of this rare bird is in order.

His family name (and he is the only member of the family) is **Albula vulpes,** meaning "little white fox." He is found only in the waters of Biscayne Bay and the West Indies. It is believed by some fishermen that the latter waters are the real home of this fish, and that those found in Biscayne Bay are the intrepid spirits who have ventured to cross the gulf stream. In Cuba, he is called what is pronounced "leetha," meaning "the swift." Many fishermen, some of them writers and authorities, have confused him with the so-called bonefish (**Elops saurus**), also called the lady fish, which is found on both the western and eastern coasts of Florida, and as far north as New York.

The two fish are entirely distinct, both in habits and physical characteristics. No record exists of the capture of a true bonefish north of the Indian River. The so-called bonefish, or lady fish, has been caught off the coast of Long Island. The true bonefish never leaps from the water. The lady fish, in the language of the late Senator Quay, are "as frantic in their leaps as the tarpon." The difference in physical characteristics is apparent at a glance. Harris, in his work on American fishes, says:

"The true bonefish is much stouter in build, has large scales and is brilliantly silver in color, shading into olive. The so-called bonefish has much smaller scales, has also a bright silver color, but in lieu of an olivaceous shading, there is a distinct but soft bluish coloration, extending from the shoulder to the fleshy part of the tail.

The bonefish is a bottom feeder. He eats all crustacea—hermit crabs, conch and clam are the common baits. He comes in to the shallow banks for the food which the incoming tide provides in greater abundance. He, or they, for they often come in numbers, may be plainly seen, sometimes swimming along, fin and tail out of water, sometimes standing on their heads feeding on the bottom, tail only showing, sometimes resembling a dark shadow in the water, moving with the utmost swiftness. Again, his presence is revealed only by a wake. He is timid in the extreme. A bump or unusual noise in the boat, or the shadow of a bird flying overhead will cause him to disappear. Most fishermen prefer to pole quietly along the banks until some sign denotes the presence of the fish, then drop, and cast in the vicinity. This stalking the game, as it were, is a novelty in fishing which will appeal to all sportsmen. If fortune does not favor you, and no sign is given, the fisherman can only stop at a likely spot and make what the Biminians call a "guess-drop," and wait. You may see him coming: you may not. Often, the first intimation is a gentle pull on your line. This means he is sucking the bait. You wait. He will draw the bait to the rear of his mouth and set his crushers upon it. Then a more decided pull will come; you strike, and the party's on. The fastest, gamest fish that swims is on your hook, and may the best man win.

There is no record of the taking of a true bonefish, with rod and reel, prior to 1893. The honor of the first capture belongs to J. B. McFerrand, Esq., of Louisville, Ky. In a letter written by him, dated January 11, 1902, and published in Gregg's work on Florida fishes, he tells the story of the capture, saying in part:

"For three solid weeks, I worked and worried over these fishes. I could hear of no one who had ever caught one with rod and reel, and the natives said it could not be done. No sooner would I get within casting distance and the lead would strike the water, when away they would go like a badly scared flock of quail. At last about worried out I had determined to give it up as a bad job, when I discovered a space of about an acre of bare sand bottom adjoining a small channel, which connected with a small inlet, and beyond that spot was a shallow bay, the bottom of which was covered by a heavy growth of grass. We laid on the far side of that bare spot about ten minutes with the line out toward the edge of that little channel, when I saw eight or ten of the hopefuls poke their noses from the edge of the channel, and within five minutes I had my fish hooked. Well, I had been angling in many waters, far and near, salt and fresh, and caught, as I thought, about all the fishes known in this country, but here was a sensation indeed—a new edition of chained lightning, and that greased. . . . Only an old hunter, who has trailed his buck through the forest, until footsore and heartsick

finally bringing him down with a well-directed shot, can appreciate my feelings. . . . Bonefish fight to a finish every time. I have had a seven pound fish run five hundred feet straight away without a pause. I am sure that unhampered nothing with fins or scales can catch them, unless it is the porpoise. If the bonefish were as large as the tarpon, with speed increased with size, no rod and reel could make him captive. Pound for pound, the bonefish is far and away the KING OF ALL SWIMMERS, and the only objection I can urge against him is that an experience with him forever disqualifies one for all other fishing."

March 10. Of course, we were back at the same bonefishing grounds. As stated, it is about three miles from the dock, northeasterly, and some twelve hundred feet from the point of a small island, hereafter to be known, George says, as Peek's Point. Such is fame! But no luck this time.

March 11. We tried some reef fishing with Lord Roberts as guide. No luck. It was a beautiful day. Flying-fish skitting coquettishly from wave to wave, and a school of porpoise swam playfully about the launch as we went to the fishing grounds.

We decided to change guides, and Alec succeeded Lord Roberts. He was a native West Indian, about forty years of age, five feet eleven inches tall, straight as an arrow. Like all Biminians, he was barefooted and patched. His trousers, like Joseph's coat, were of many colors. They were a patchwork of six varieties of cloth (actual count)—two serges, two species of canvas, a gingham and a calico. He assured us, of course, that bonefish were plentiful, and he knew just where to catch them, but to our suggestion that we would put him on a piece-work basis, paying one dollar for every fish caught, he instantly demurred, saying: "But suppose we don't get any?" We didn't get any,—but this did not diminish our faith in Alec, whom we found to be a most intelligent fisherman and trustworthy guide.

About midnight a very hard storm arose. The wind was blowing in puffs about fifty miles an hour and continued until six A. M. Alec said this accounted for the poor fishing.

March 12. The storm continued. About four in the afternoon, we tried bonefishing within the bay, but no luck, although George saw a big one.

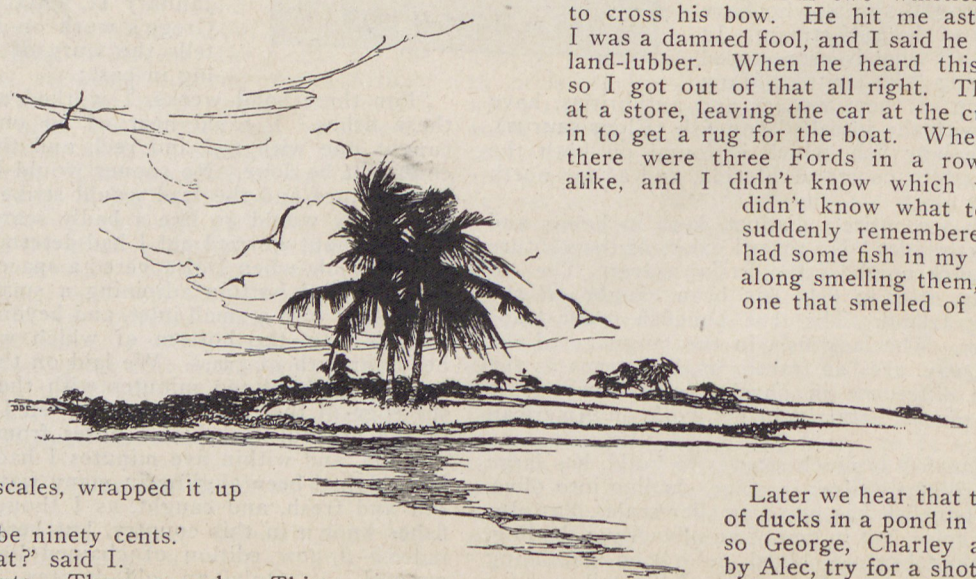
March 13. The storm continued. Too windy for fishing. We played "Bimini." The conversation turned to profiteering. Lou told us this one, indicating that the practice was not confined to war operations.

"I had been out all day turtle-fishing. I caught a big one; had hard work getting him to the dock. We weighed him on the fish dealer's scales. Three hundred seventy-one pounds. I gave him to the fish dealer and thought no more of it for a day or two, until my friends, one by one, met me on the street, and said: 'Lou, we were down to the dock and got some of your turtle-meat. It was fine.' So I thought I would try some. I went down to the dock, and asked the fish dealer to cut me off about three pounds. He sliced off a piece, threw it on the scales, wrapped it up and then said:

"'That will be ninety cents.'

"'What's that?' said I.

"'Ninety cents. Three pounds. Thirty cents a pound.'



"I suppose my face fell a trifle, but I thought he must have forgotten me, so I said:

"'Oh! you don't remember. I am the man who gave you the turtle.'

"'Yes, I know,' said he. 'Thirty cents a pound.'

"'Thirty cents a pound?'

"'Yes. Three pounds ninety cents.'

"'But I gave you the turtle.'

"'Yes, I know. He was a big one.'

"'Let me see now,' said I. 'Do I get this? I get this turtle, bring him in, weigh him. Three hundred seventy-one pounds. Three hundred pounds of good meat. And I give him to you. Now, I ask you to cut off a little for me. Are you charging me for that—the meat that I gave to you?'

"'Yes, thirty cents a pound.'

"'Thirty cents a pound. Three hundred pounds—ninety dollars. Is that right?'

"'Yes, I said he was a big one.'

"'Well, I'll be d—d. Well, here's your money.'

"I handed him a dollar. He fumbled in the drawer for the change, and finally producing a nickel, he said:

"'Is this close enough?'

"'No, it isn't,' I roared. 'I want my change, and I will stay here until Hell freezes over.'"

March 14. Storm continues. Too windy for fishing. The Captain told us of his experiences in New York. Visiting the metropolis for the first time, he was induced to buy a Ford. Now the Captain is a seafaring man. He ran away from home at an early age, and has spent his entire life upon the water. Consequently, he was more familiar with the rules of navigation than with the traffic regulations of the city. This is what happened, as he tells the story:

"I had learned to go ahead and turn, so I started downtown. I found myself going in the wrong direction on a one-way street. A policeman stopped me. He told me to back out. He was very red in the face.

"'But I can't back out,' said I.

"'Can't back out. What do you mean?'

"'Well, I can go straight ahead and turn around, but I haven't learned to back her up.'

"I thought the policeman would explode. 'I'll lock you up,' he said.

"'All right, lock me up. I don't care. I'd rather be locked up, anyhow, than to be driving this damned thing.'

"Well, he managed to make a hole big enough for me to turn, and I came out of that all right. Then I had smooth sailing until I was going down Fifth Avenue. At Forty-second Street I wanted to make a turn. Cars were going in every direction, but there was a hole I thought I could get through, so I tried for it. There was a fellow coming in the opposite direction. I blowed him two whistles, and started to cross his bow. He hit me astern. He said I was a damned fool, and I said he was a damned land-lubber. When he heard this, he laughed, so I got out of that all right. Then I stopped at a store, leaving the car at the curb, and went in to get a rug for the boat. When I came out, there were three Fords in a row, all looking alike, and I didn't know which was mine. I didn't know what to do, when I suddenly remembered that I had had some fish in my car, so I went along smelling them, and took the one that smelled of fish."

March 15. Too windy for fishing. We spent the morning again telling stories.

Later we hear that there is a flock of ducks in a pond in South Bimini, so George, Charley and I, guided by Alec, try for a shot at them. We asked Alec how he hunted ducks, and he said, (Continued on page 322)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

THE Izaak Walton League is making a stupendous fight against the draining of the Upper Mississippi River lands and it is fighting indiscriminate drainage everywhere because the League is convinced of the grave peril and uselessness of drainage in nine out of ten times. For instance, following is a list of central Wisconsin drained marshlands, not one of which has proven to be an agricultural success:

Beaver Drainage District, 34,000 acres; Dancy Drainage District, 33,000 acres; Dancy Creek Drainage District, 35,000 acres; Kert Creek Drainage District, 10,000 acres; Cranberry Creek Drainage District, 19,000 acres; Remington Drainage District, 42,000 acres; Portage County Drainage District, 56,000 acres; Wood County Drainage District, 5,000 acres; Leole Drainage District, 15,000 acres; Juneau County Drainage District, 55,000 acres; Cutler Drainage District, 21,000 acres; totalling 361,000 acres. These disastrous outdoor tragedies should awaken every sportsman in the nation to the need of getting busy with his congressmen and senators and urging that they vote for the League's Bill which asks for a National Preserve of 300 miles along the Upper Mississippi, thus creating a huge incubator from which billions of six-inch baby bass may be shipped to stock our lakes and streams.

PUTTING THE BEE ON HIM

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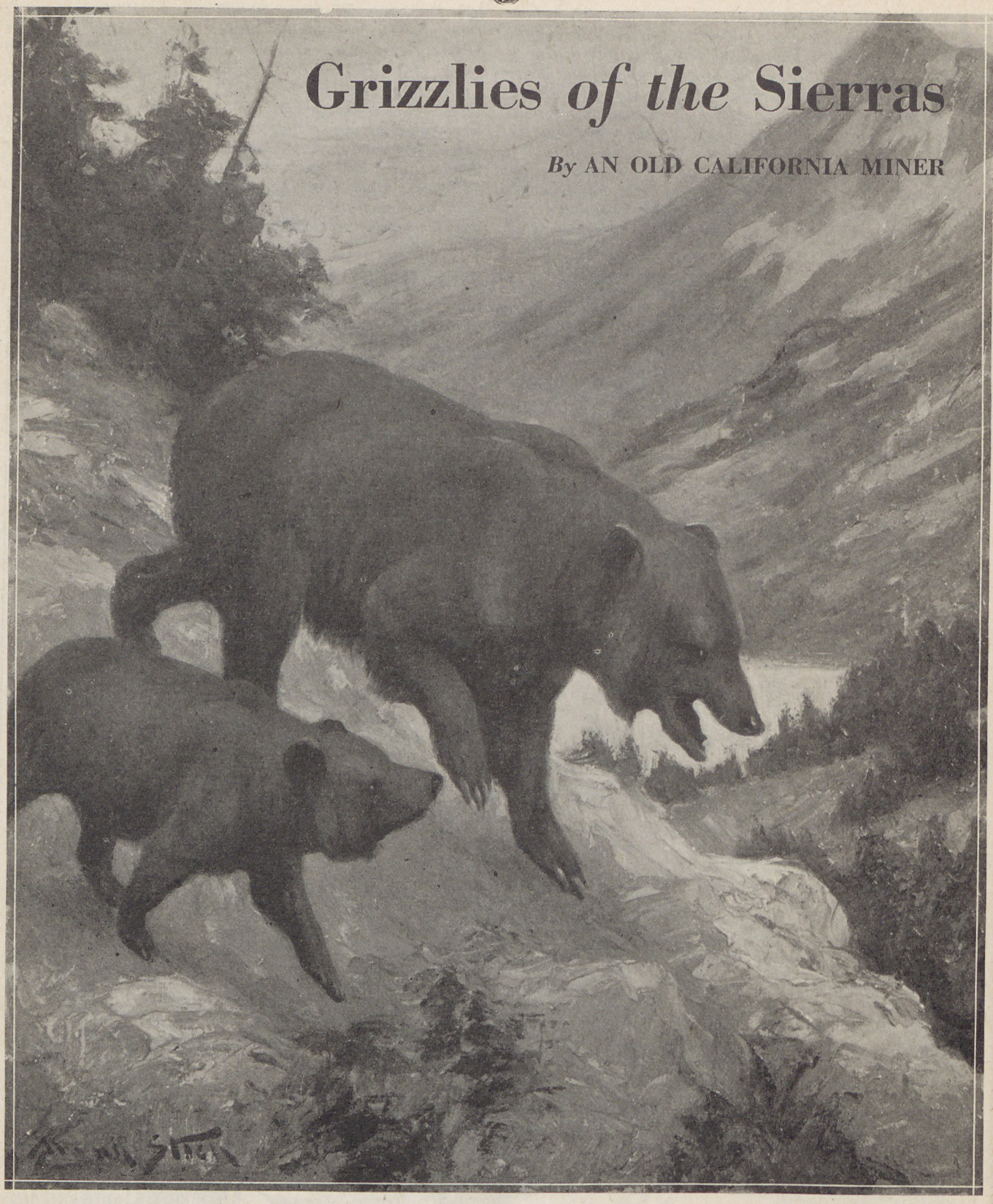
Grizzlies *of the* Sierras

By AN OLD CALIFORNIA MINER



"Soon the little bear and its mother came out not more than twenty feet away from my tree—" *Illustration by FRANK L. STICK*

AT Moore's crossing, the river can be forded by horses and mules at an ordinary stage of water. I believe no vehicles of any kind are within twenty or thirty miles of that place. A pine tree, four and one-half or five feet in diameter, has been cut down and has fallen across the river, reaching far over each bank. This immense log is a most substantial and safe foot bridge, horses and mules having been led across on it, when the river was too high to ford, and on one occasion, Jack Furgeson rode his pony across.

From Moore's crossing there is an unfrequented and lonesome trail across the range of high hills or mountains to Crawford's on the other river. Lonesome it was to me, as I made the trip quite alone. It is only possible to make this trip on foot or by pack mule or horse, following the old elevated trail.

On leaving the river at Moore's, the ascent begins somewhat gradually for one-half or three-quarters of a mile,—but steep enough to make you feel that you are climbing. The pine needles that cover the ground

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make the soles of one's boots as glass, and you are liable, if not careful, to pitch forward on your hands and knees —maybe on your nose.

When you reach the point where the ascent is steeper, you stop to rest a bit and look back. You then realize that you are considerably higher than when you started. A stout stick, stronger than an ordinary cane will be some help in the climbs one has to make.

The next ascent is so steep that you have to put forth all the muscle you have to ascend and you are glad to seize any shrub or root that will help you to pull up. It is a long pull and you begin to think you must be approaching the summit.

The first level spot you reach, you are glad to take a rest. The level spot is only a narrow shoulder and you are up against another ascent so steep that the trail and your ascent is a zigzag across the face of the mountain. Still there is another lift and you think this will surely bring you to the summit; but not yet. Here you find something worth while at the roots of an immense sugar pine tree—a gushing spring of pure water, cold as ice and sent out in such volume that it makes quite a rivulet across the trail and then plunges down the steep mountain side, producing beautiful rainbow effects as the sun's rays touch the spray and mist into which it breaks and dissolves in its fall of one hundred feet.

If Jupiter ever got as tired and thirsty as I did and came across a spring like this—instead of sipping his nectar, he would lie down as I did, and just drink and drink and drink.

After a short rest and another drink from the spring, I climbed the balance of the steep ascent, which is more gradual, till you reach the summit. The trail from here is on the margin of an immense basin, which seems to have been made by a section of hundreds of acres of land dropping down one hundred or more feet, leaving a rim on three sides. Great spruce, hemlock and pine trees grow in this basin, sending their tops, some of them, more than one hundred feet above the margin; and then there are smaller trees, whose tops barely reach up as high as the rim, and still smaller ones that do not reach as high, and still lower down there are thickets of small trees and bushes that appear to form a jungle.

The silence of this great basin is not exactly like silence but more like great mysterious sounds, producing an awe that makes you shudder, and I thought, what a place for the habitation of wild beasts! I confess I thought of grizzly bears.

A gradual ascent of about three-fourths of a mile brings one to the summit. The magnificent scene that presents itself is absolutely indescribable. The summit for a space of ten or fifteen rods is comparatively level and free from tall trees, and you see all around, the most magnificent forests in the world. You look off toward the Pacific Ocean and you see, or imagine you see, the hazy outline of the coast range two hundred miles away; in the opposite direction the everlasting snows of the Sierra Nevada.

After gazing around awhile in perfect content, I ate my lunch, after which I started on the trail down the other side of the range.

On the comparatively level summit, there is a thicket of bushes that grow five or six feet high, which bear a red berry when ripe, something like the choke cherry of boyhood memory. I had but entered the bushes when an animal about the size of a shepherd dog seemed to be frightened at me and rushed off into the jungle. I knew instinctively that it was a young grizzly, and I was very sure he was not alone. The bears are very fond of those red berries, so I looked out for some place to get out of the way. A few steps out of the trail I noticed a small mountain oak tree, probably six inches in diameter at the butt, toward which I made tracks. Fortunately it had limbs within easy reach and I made myself up that tree without delay. Some fifteen feet from the ground it forked, and made a seat which I took and waited for developments. I did not have long to wait, for I noticed a shaking of bushes, when soon the little bear and what I supposed to be its mother came out not more than twenty feet away from my tree, made their way to the rim of the basin and disappeared.

Having gotten up into my tree, I took a mental inventory of my means of defense. I had in my belt a pair of single barreled rifle pistols—I think they were about .38 calibre and before starting that morning I had loaded each heavily. They were savage shooters but not sufficient to kill a grizzly unless hit in some vital spot. I had thought that if I was attacked I might send a ball into the beast's mouth or head somewhere. Each pistol had a bayonet fastened with a hinge and spring at the muzzle, which shut back like a pocket knife with the point against the guard, over the trigger. The guard was also on a spring that let the point into a slot which held it in place. All you had to do was to pull back the guard and the dagger flew out ready for business. In addition to the pistols I had a large strong pocket knife, a small flask of powder and several balls in my pocket.

Notwithstanding my arsenal, I was greatly relieved when the bears disappeared, and was about to descend from my tree and get away from that place as rapidly as possible when I saw the bushes shake and heard the limbs crack as a much larger bear made his appearance. I was hoping he would follow the others and disappear as they had in the basin, but he came to the trail and to my consternation, made directly for my tree. He raised himself on his haunches and reached out his right forepaw as high as he could, but his reach fell short of me by a few feet. I felt safe, feeling sure that he could not get to me, as he could neither reach me nor climb, but the prospect of having to sit up in the tree indefinitely was not a very cheerful outlook. Of course I could not understand his purpose, but with his face within a few feet of me, I at first thought of bringing matters to a crisis by emptying my "bull dogs" into his head, for knowing the power with which they sent their contents, I felt quite sure at such close range I might kill him—but concluded to wait and see what move he might make.

After a little while, he dropped down on all fours and rubbed himself against the body of the tree, apparently in the manner of a cat rubbing against your leg to show affection. Again he stood up and reached out his right forepaw as before. He looked straight at me and I returned the gaze. It seemed to me that he did not have the appearance of a man-eating bear, still I supposed that his reaching up with his paw was for the purpose of grasping me and pulling me down. In order to test his purpose I took a firm hold of the tree with my hands and then put one foot down carefully until it touched his outstretched paw, thinking that if he meant mischief, he would make a grab and bring his claws into play. I thought if that was what

(Continued on page 322)

THE author of this story, who signs himself "An Old California Miner," was Judge H. B. Albery, of Ohio. Judge Albery's experiences as a '49er and an argonaut in crossing both isthmuses, Panama and Nicaragua, were published in several articles in the Overland Monthly. This quaint story was written when Judge Albery was nearly ninety, and the incident recorded occurred over seventy years ago.

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Wood Conservation

By
GEORGE M. SEAMAN

THE question of national forestry, reforestation and wood conservation is one that concerns the actual life of the nation. The growing of trees is just as important and necessary for the proper development of animal life, bird life and human life as any part of the scheme of nature.

You find little animal life and less human life in the desert. The human being uses the desert only as a path of transportation — a short cut from one cultivated area to another. Denude a country of its forests, leave the land bare of the moisture-conserving power of the trees and you have the beginning of a desert—an artificial desert. The great enemy of the forests is modern civilization aided by the constant encroachment into our forests of the automobile.

Forest fires follow closely in the footsteps of the hunter, the fisherman and the outdoorsman providing they are careless. The devastation of forests by fires often results in making the land completely barren and rendering it unplantable for fifty or one hundred years. The next great enemy to forest conservation is the method of taxation on standing timber.

The friends of the forests are proper fire prevention and the creation of national and state forests.

Our Government departments realize the importance of fire prevention in our forests, but the appropriations have been inadequate to patrol them properly, and in consequence every year thousands of square miles of forests and many lives are lost through forest fires. All of this could be prevented by proper patrolling and by adequate punishment of campers who carelessly cause many of the fires.

George M. Seaman, a large paper mill owner and a member of the Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League.

The national and state forests and park systems created by farsighted men in the last fifty years have done immeasurable good in the conservation of wood and wild life.

There are many places today where national and state forests should be created. It is our duty to urge upon the Government to take over and create all possible additional national preserves.

The state of Michigan at one time was a most marvelous virgin forest, but civilization came along and demanded the cutting of trees. The cutters were ruthless, and without thought for the future. First they cut timber in order to get the land to till. Then after having the land, they did not realize the value of the trees, and they cut what remained for firewood or for minor commercial purposes, disregarding the need of keeping any trees whatsoever; then came the lumbermen who cut with utter lack of consideration.

In the state of Michigan alone $75,000,000 a year is spent for lumber imported into the state from the Pacific coast, Minnesota, and from other states that are more fortunate than Michigan in their present supply of wood. A large part of this $75,000,000 is expended in freight costs. (For instance, $10.00 per thousand B. F. M. is the freight rate from the Pacific Coast. A little thought devoted to these figures will prove that at least $25,000,000 per annum represents freight charges, an amount which could be more economically invested by the State of Michigan in reforestation.) The Pacific coast is rapidly being depleted of its primeval forests in order to satisfy the demands of the central eastern and central western states for lumber, when, as a matter of fact, the central eastern and central western states under a policy of reforestation would in the course of 30 or 40 years have forests of their own necessary for commercial purposes, and could cut all their requirements of lumber each year. The Canadian Government in its leases reserves the right to direct the cutting of trees absolutely and so should our Government.

Thus far it has been impracticable for commercial organizations to plant trees and perpetuate the forests. They cannot invest money and wait 30 to 50 years to get returns, paying the present or unknown taxes against such timber lands. Where cut-over lands are unfit for farming, it should be the duty of the Government to take over into the public domain such lands and replant them, not only to create future forests for the commonwealth, but for the conservation of soil and moisture as well. Only a government agency can accomplish this.

In Europe logging is done in a manner to encourage the growth of the trees that will grow the quickest and replace the trees that have been cut. They continually have in mind, after careful scientific research, the regrowth of any section they cut.

In our national forests today it would be beneficial to the forests if the Government lumbered the mature trees rather than to let them die and finally blow or fall down and in doing so destroy surrounding areas of sound trees.

In Germany, under government supervision, the mature trees are lumbered and taken to the markets for auction sales which are held yearly for the benefit of forest preservation, and this is not done alone from an economic or commercial standpoint, but in order to have a strong, healthy forest in back of them continually.

The big question has always been, "How are we going to grow any wood?" It is my belief that the only way we can grow wood successfully is for the state and county governments to take an interest in this subject, having a department that understands the local soil, what trees are best adapted for each particular soil, and that they urge every farmer and landowner to plant as many trees as they have suitable space to plant in, and to urge this be done as a patriotic duty, this being recognized as necessary for the health and welfare of the community.

The planting of such trees in any district will tend to conserve for the future the rainfalls of that community. It should also be the duty of every state and every county to plant trees along the highways whether they be fruit trees or pine species, whichever will grow the best. These trees will then become sacred to the people who will take more and more care in the way they handle the trees after they are planted. The states should run their own nurseries and furnish these seedlings for nothing or practically so and urge every one to plant them. Every state and every community can afford to do this.

Suggestions of this sort have been made to several newspapers throughout the country and they have expressed themselves as willing and glad to enter into a

(Continued on page 312)

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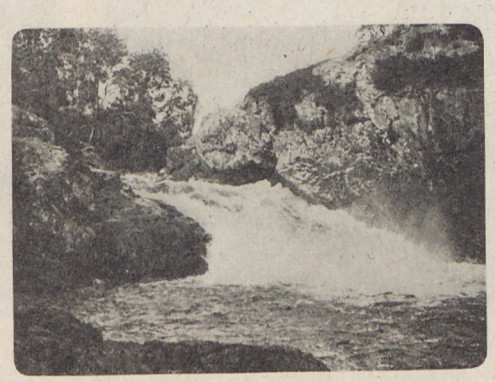
Fly Fishing, Films and Friendship

"Fishermen, like philosophers, are rich in contentment. They wear comfortable old clothes and the best boots—and, if friends fail, they are happy alone trying to learn a little about Nature's laws."
(from "Mostly About Trout" by)
Sir George Aston

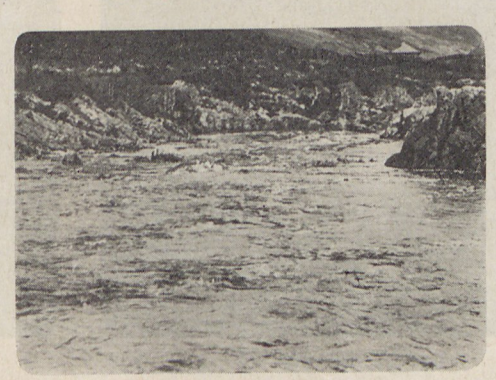
By Major General SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

Author of "Mostly About Trout" and Editor of the "Battle of Jutland" and "Armageddon" films

"THE United States still maintains a practical monopoly of the film supply of the world." That is the most important statement in the London **Times** of this morning. I am sorry to hear it, but there is one consolation. Good as American films are, the monopoly is not likely to last forever. The motion picture is the most powerful medium for good or for its opposite that has been conceived by the human race since the invention of the Printing Press. Better historians than I am tell me that, when that invention reached England, the rights in its use were cornered by the Crown, and were only deputed to trusty purveyors of information for the public. That monopoly has long since passed away. So will the American monopoly in the production of films; not that they are not excellent films; that is not the point. It is bad for the peoples of the earth to see everything through the eyes of one nationality. What is most wanted in this war-stricken world just now is sympathy; sympathy between nations, based upon knowledge of the ordinary life in foreign countries, and of other people's ways and of looking upon things in general.



View of Falls on Scottish river.



A good pool for salmon.

In common with everyone else who has taken an active part in wars, as compared with writers who dilate upon their glories and ignore their horrors, I should like to see war prevented, excepting as an extreme resort when all other methods of settlement have been exhausted. Most wars are the result of ignorance: ignorance of foreigners, and of their ways. "'Ere's a stranger!" says the little British village boy in **Punch.** "'Eave arf a brick at 'im!" says his chum, without even turning his head. There was trouble between two farmers in a valley in Devonshire not long ago. Their land was divided by a small trout-stream, and cattle used to stray across it. One of the farmers went to his landlord with a complaint. "Why don't you go and see him and talk it over?" says the landlord. "I don't know him," says the farmer. "How long have you both been living there?" "Thirty years come Michaelmas," was the reply. "Well, go and see him now, then you'll know each other and you might settle it." "I couldn't never do that, Sir, he might **snap** me!"

The Atlantic is a bit bigger than a little Devon trout-stream as an obstacle. I have always wanted to cross it, but I have been held back by the stories that I have heard of the abuse of Britishers in some sections of the American Press, and by the misrepresentation of the history of England, and of present-day life therein, in some exceptional American Films. I am afraid that, if I crossed over, "They might snap me," and I wonder sometimes whether any of the people over the other side feel the same way. Some years ago I ventured across the channel to go trout-fishing in Brittany, but I came away because the little children booed me (I have forgotten the French for Boo!). That was all because the Press and the Politicians had made a lot of some small incident between sea-fishermen, that would easily have been settled without a fuss if it had not been advertised with big black headlines. An article in the Press is read (generally only skimmed) by a few thousand people in one country. A good film is seen right through by millions, in all parts of the world. Since I beat my sword into a pen I have written a good many articles and I have been incited to write this one by an editor who said: "If you want to work for a good understanding between nations, why don't you write about trout-fishing or something, instead of about public affairs which are in the hands of politicians, who always scrap with each other, like lawyers. They are paid to do it."

That seemed to me to be a good idea, as I am fond of fishing, especially for trout with a dry-fly, and sportsmen in all countries have much more in common with each other than politicians, publicists, or journalists. They do not bother about such folk. To go back a few hundred years, it is pleasant in these days to think about old Izaak Walton, who lived in times like ours, of civil disturbances and international hatreds. He just fished his way through them, and wrote a book to sweeten the lives of many generations that followed. "I tell you, scholar," he wrote in the **Compleat Angler,** "I once heard one say 'I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do; I envy him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do.'" I incline to the same sentiments as that man of old, but I should prefer to alter the wording to: "that can spend more time in fishing than I can." But the same sport does not appeal to everyone. As Viscount Grey of Fallodon (formerly Sir Edward Grey) said in his address on Recreation to the Harvard Union a year or two ago: "If you do not like fishing, do not fish. Why should you? But if we are to be quits, and you are to be on the same happy level as I have been, then find something for yourself which you like as much as I like fishing."

I have written all this to lead up to my real theme. Most people have their recreations, which form the most pleasant parts of their lives; some go in for nature study. Most people seem to do that more or less, in these days. Some people go in for one sport or game, some for another. All have much in common with other participants, of whatever nation, in their hobby. Nearly all sports and games, even nature study, owe their chief charm to movement. It is hopeless to try

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to convey an impression of movement by written description. For instance, I have just been trying to describe in writing how to cast a dry-fly over a trout. I have given it up as a bad job, and I have recommended anyone who wants to learn to watch someone else doing it. It is equally hopeless to try to describe movement by still diagrams. That was why I once incited a producing company to make a film of the Battle of Jutland, and helped them in the production. There is only one way to convey a true idea of movement, and that is by the "movies," or motion pictures. Therefore, I have thought, let the film-producers of each nation set to work to show to the people of their own and of other nations films of outdoor country life, of nature study, of sports, and so on; only, whatever is done, let it not be called by that hateful term "propaganda," which is the most baneful legacy of the Great War. Propaganda was used therein by some Governments to mislead the people of their own and of other countries by twisting truths into falsehoods. Why I write "the film producers of **each** nation" is because I am quite sure that they can only undertake the task properly for their own nation. Producers and scenario writers really cannot undertake it satisfactorily for other countries. They must know the sport or recreation, from its national aspect, thoroughly. Quite unwittingly, they might introduce absurdities which would be ludicrous to the folk of the nation concerned, and would do more harm than good by showing them to the world. I do not believe, for instance, that British producers could make good films of American sports. Hence my plea that it would be a pity if America, or any other country, held the monopoly of the production of films. The Washington figures that I have before me show that, in the first seven months of 1923, the United States exported 112,195,654 feet of film, valued at nearly 4,500,000 dollars, compared with 104,921,934 feet during the same period in 1922, and that there was a corresponding decrease in the amount of film imported into America. The first statement is all to the good, from the point of view of American producers; it means employment for Americans. The second is all to the bad from the point of view of the American people, and more so from that of other nations.

To get back to national "nature study," and national "out-door sports" films. There is another aspect. The film trade is not a charitable institution, financed by public appeals. It is not (at least I hope that it is not) a Government-propaganda or Finance-Magnates-propaganda instrument, like large sections of the Press have become in some countries, and the whole of the Press in others. The late German Empire gave us an example of what that sort of thing leads to. If no public money goes into the production of a film, then the public must be interested and amused by the finished product, so as to be induced to pay to come and see it. That presents a puzzle to conscientious producers. A bottom-fisher might enjoy sitting for ten hours a day watching a float that never is dragged down by a fish. A moving picture audience would certainly not pay money to watch him. Dramatic incidents are what they want. Well, to make a long story short, I think that the problem has now been solved by British producers, both in nature study and in sports. A short time ago I went to a trade-show of nature study and of fishing films, and I have since obtained the use of bits of the negatives, from which the enlargements illustrating this article have been made. These give an idea of outdoor surroundings in England and Scotland, and of normal British sportsmen (and women) in outdoor pursuits, also of the most dramatic moments in the lives of other members of the creation; there is used a May-fly, for instance (not reproduced), just bursting from its skin as the nymph turns into the **sub-imago** fly; then the **sub-imago** turning into the perfect fairy-like **imago** with gauzy wings, and so on. All very beautiful, but with still pictures you do not get the movements which give most of the charm.

Salmon Fishing on a Scottish River

1 *Lady casting.*

3 *Netting a fish.*

2 *Playing a fish.*

4 *Weighing the fish.*

The worst of having a hobby of one's own is that there is a danger of boring other people by excessive enthusiasm over it. Golf is notorious in that respect. It has become a by-word. So are some other sports. The salmon-fishing film that I saw, called "Battles with Salmon," compresses the exciting incidents of many days' fishing into about ten minutes run of film, so no one can help being enthralled thereby. There is a thrill to be gotten even out of the perfect casting of a long straight line. A bigger one out of hooking and playing a fish which dashes out line from a whizzing reel and turns somersaults out of the water. There, it must be admitted, you miss the music of the reel as it spins, but the orchestra ought to supply that, and I have taken the liberty of writing to say so. At the end of the struggle you see the beautiful silver-sided spring fish weighed, so there is no scope for the proverbial

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prevarication of the fisher in the telling of his day's sport. This particular fisher is of the gentler sex, and one of the best casters of a salmon-line that visits the spring river in Scotland where the scenes are taken.

Then the salmon also plays up well as a film star. I wonder how many people have had the wonderful and engrossing experience of witnessing salmon negotiating a great waterfall, where a whole river topples thunderingly into a boiling cauldron below, seething with foam? Even those who do see the sight can scarcely follow the movements of the fish in leaping from the cauldron and landing in the rapid water-slide at the top of the fall, after many failures. The human eye is not quick enough. The new ultra-rapid camera enables them to watch the whole operation at their leisure, from the strokes of the great tail, giving the first impetus, to the graceful **parabola** in the air, to the landing in the rushing water-slide above, to the terrific struggle to stay there, and to the ultimate triumph, at which the "audience" breaks irresistibly into loud applause for the actor.

That particular film combines a fine representation of the scenery of Scotland, in surroundings of deer-forest, sheep-ground, and salmon-river, with a true picture of a fine British sport; the whole with a study of salmon-nature. It is a sporting and nature-study film combined, and I wish that there were more of them for brother-fishers in other lands to see, and that they would send others of their own sports (say a struggle with tarpon) to England in exchange.

There were several nature-study films, typical of life in the English country-side, shown at the same time. I mentioned the life history of the Mayfly, which provides the annual festival for dry-fly fishers for large trout. The cuckoo, the sparrowhawk, the sea-gull, the owl, and the homely robin divulge their life-history on films, all providing scenes of outdoor England, some with plenty of saving humour and comic relief. Even the humble "tiddler," the stickleback that provides sport in the London Parks for the small children of the back streets, is found to lead a life of interest. Mr. Stickleback builds a nest and induces several lady sticklebacks to lay their eggs therein. When the baby tiddlers issue therefrom he guards them from their mothers, who return to devour them. All this is shown on the film, and many other "nature-study" wonders. Scientific analysers and devisers of polysyllabic classifications seldom take the trouble to tell us these interesting truths (if they know them, as I suppose that they do?). Even if they did, it is much more absorbing to watch the things actually happening.

Another film that I saw lately was a history of Westminster Hall (with its wonderful roof), written round the life history of the wood-boring beetle, which for hundreds of years has been labouring to destroy the work of the original designers and constructors. You see the little brute at work, and, with a sigh of relief, you see the success of the campaign against him, and the renovated Hall reopened by the King and Queen. This happened only a few weeks ago.

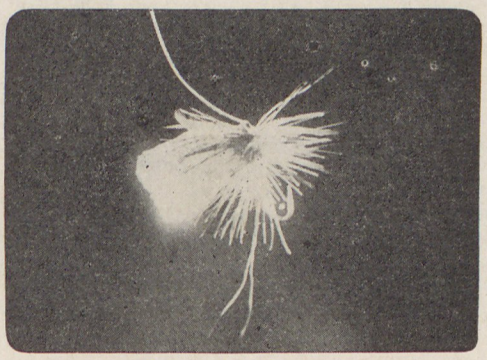
Those are the sort of little films, if they can be made interesting and dramatic enough, that I believe would draw many more people than the "sob-stuff" that most of us are getting tired of. If every nation started making them it would do much good in the world, and people visiting other countries would not expect to be "snapped," or want to hit other nations for fear that they should hit first. The producing company (my thanks are due to them, as they have lent me the negatives to make the pictures from) of the particular films that I have referred to are the British Instructional Films, Ltd., of Boreham Wood, Herts. More power to them. But the whole scheme falls through if the citizens of one country are going to monopolize film production and purchase nothing. They might just as well try to monopolize the printing press or wireless. They cannot. They would have the whole world against them in time. Luckily such a monopoly is impossible; the line of development of every invention that has done any good in the world, has been that its use has become universal. If it were not for what I have written above about propaganda, I suppose that I should close these remarks with "BUY BRITISH FILMS"—but only those of the right description. The step is short, as we read in **Ruthless Rhymes,** from the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

Trout Fishing on an English Stream

1 *Casting over a trout.*

3 *Safe in the dish.*

2 *Playing a trout.*



4 *Fly with Barbless hook.*

Write to your Senator and Congressman and urge them to vote for the League's Upper Mississippi National Preserve Bill.

Bureau of Fisheries Makes Survey for League

of the League's proposed National Preserve region

Report made by

CAPTAIN C. F. CULLER,

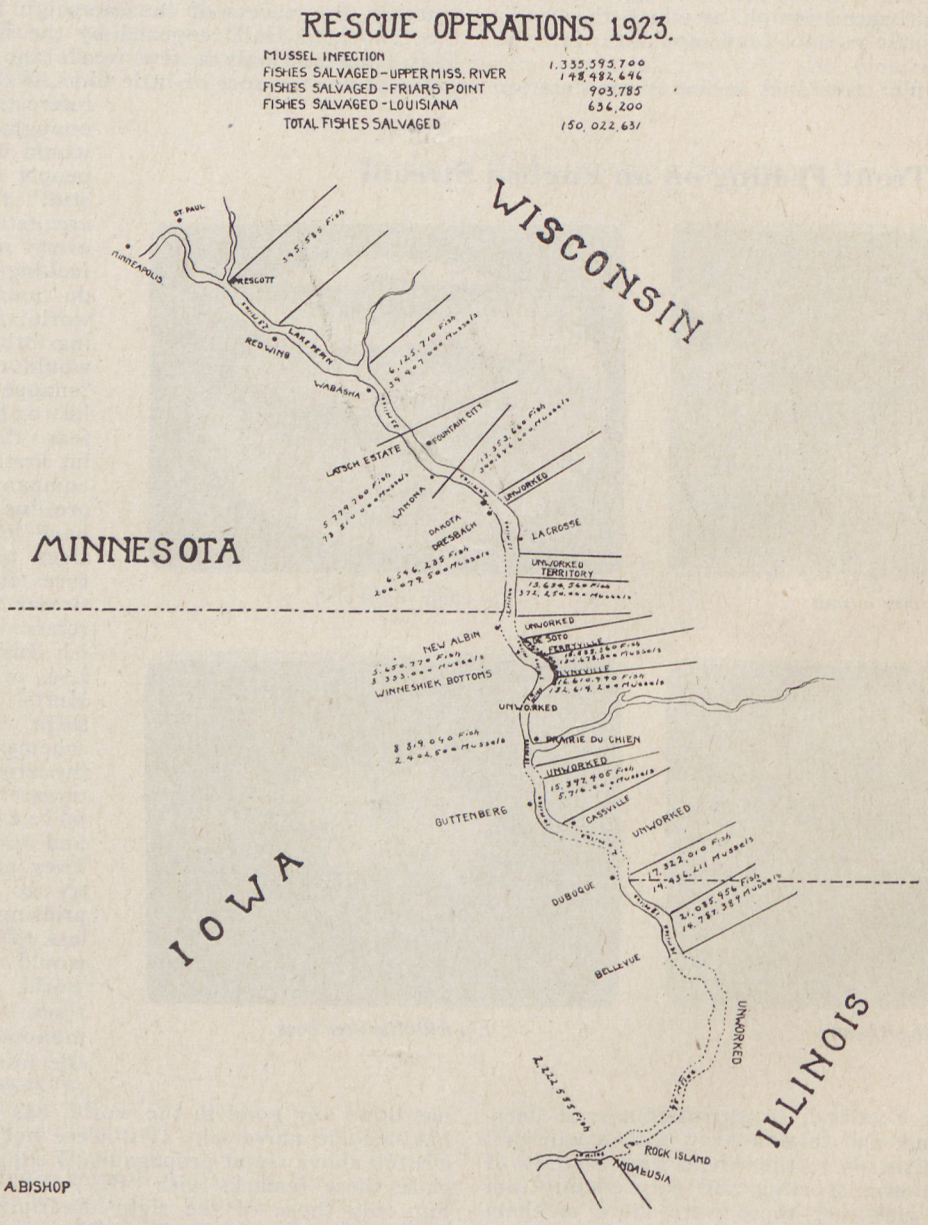
District Supervisor, Upper Mississippi

IN a recent survey of the river from Rock Island to Warsaw, Illinois, where drainage projects have been put through on both sides of the river, the commercial fishermen report that all species of fish have declined since the drainage projects were put through. They claim this is due to cutting off the bottom lands where formerly the fish spawned and fed. This is notably true of the commercial species such as carp and buffalo.

That section known as the Winneshiek Bottoms provides the most ideal conditions for all species of warm water fishes. There were worked in this section approximately five hundred lakes, cut-off bayous and sloughs, the past season. The natural advantages from the fish-culturists' viewpoint cannot be overestimated, as there is always an abundance of food for small fishes, which is a prime requisite for fish-cultural work of any kind. Twenty-one million fish have been rescued from the Winneshiek Bottoms in 1923 and these fish infected with 135,000,000 glochidia of the fresh water mussels.

A survey made of the value of the Fisheries Industry between Rock Island and St. Paul showed the value of this industry to amount to $503,268, and of the mussel industry $101,548, making the total value of the two $604,816.

It is the opinion of the writer that there is no section of the United States where warm water fishes have more ideal conditions in which to propagate than those that exist along the Upper Mississippi River. When it is taken into consideration that there is a known value of products coming from the river amounting to over $600,000 it does not seem logical to allow this section to be drained and turned into so-called agricultural lands. If this whole section could be converted into a national park, as the writer has advocated, for the past two or three years, it would mean the saving from extinction of the warm water fishes of the Upper Mississippi River. At this point it might be well to say in this connection that there should also be granted the Federal government the right to indicate the spawning seasons, and the methods of catching fish in the main channel of the Mississippi River. At this time no two of the states on the Upper Mississippi River have the same laws relative to the spawning seasons and the methods of capture. This naturally means a bad situation, as the fishermen from one state can take fish illegally, run them across the river and legally sell them in that state. In conclusion, the writer urges the necessity to both the Commissioner and the Secretary of Commerce of their endorsement of the project of the Izaak Walton League to convert this section into a national preserve. If the drainage projects now contemplated are carried out (and the engineer in charge has said to the writer that they have tentative plans for the drainage of ninety thousand acres) it will mean the practical extinction of all warm water fishes along the Upper Mississippi River within the next ten years.



WITH this region protected, the one hundred and forty-eight million fishes salvaged in 1923 can be increased twentyfold which means that billions of six inch baby bass can be shipped to stock our lakes and streams.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Third Year of the League

By THE EDITOR

SINCE the foundation of the League twenty-three months have elapsed. On January 14th, 1924, it will be two years old and every chapter in the League will give a banquet in celebration of its second birthday. We have made Conservation History. We have awakened a nation. We have fought for the first time "a sudden consternation to the soul of every thinking man who ever has loved this America of ours."

The League is no longer an experiment—**it is a fact** and the achievements of this National Organization prove it and so do the achievements of its State Organizations. To recite the deeds of our hundreds of Izaak Walton Chapters would more than take up every page in this issue.

If the Izaak Walton League of America had commercial or personal gain under it **as its real basis** it would have been impossible for it to have reached the heart—the conscience, and the common sense of the American people. It no more has a commercial basis than it has a political or religious basis. It is a 100% American Sportsmen's movement and so is the magazine it owns and publishes, neither the League nor its magazine has stockholders or profits to pay to any man or to any syndicate of men. No man dare challenge the truthfulness of a word in this paragraph because every word of it is as true as that two and two when added together make four. If the Fathers of the Republic could return and study the League they would wholeheartedly approve of its Americanism and of its having been built as was this Nation on the solid foundation of Representative Government.

The League has pointed out and proved that the old ways of saving sport in this country **have** FAILED. The American Sportsmen "have been on the wrong path and the farther sportsmen have followed these wrong paths, the more they have left truth behind."

The League has abandoned these old ways because we know they have brought despair and not happiness. We do not wait on chances. **We make them.**

We agree with our National Director Judge J. M. Dickinson that "fish and game cannot vote." We agree with our fellow Waltonian Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, who said to the writer, "until the people care and let their State Government and the National Government KNOW that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with any OUTDOOR AMERICA legislation."

The League is not forming a Sportsmen's voting bloc. It is though convincing our State Government and Official Washington that there are more than twenty million fishermen and hunters and lovers of wild places and wild life in these United States. And whenever we have been able to marshal a sufficient number we have never failed to get what we wanted. This League gladly heralds the fact that in such states where we have a sufficient membership that legislatures have given us just such laws and appropriations as we asked for. The I. W. L. A. never asks for anything until it knows that it is 100% plus right, and when the League starts it will never quit or let up UNTIL IT WINS WHAT IT HAS STARTED IN TO WIN.

We know here at headquarters that we will pass our bill in this congress if the American Sportsman DOES HIS DUTY and lets his congressmen and senators know that he expects them to vote for a National Preserve of 300 miles of Upper Mississippi bottom lands. This bill means good sport for the hunter and fisherman, millions of ducks and billions of six-inch baby bass annually to stock our streams and lakes **everywhere.** So there are plenty of reasons why all of us should get after our congressmen and senators. Just sitting down and letting "George do it" won't do at all.

In two years the I. W. L. A. has accomplished more good for outdoor America than has been done in the past twenty-two years. The third year is ahead of us big with possibility if every man of us does his bit and this means YOU, just as it means all of us. The League wants twenty fish hatcheries where now there is one and ten wild game farms where now there is one, **and we are going to have them too.** If you are a devotee of sports afield and astream and believe that this League has found the way to make the sportsmen's voice HEARD **in our State and Federal Governments,** then start an Izaak Walton Chapter and as the years roll on you will be mighty glad of the good which comes from it.

It is only by the immense combining of American sportsmen that we can make a great step in conservation work. With thousands of local chapters from one end of the country to the other, all backed by a national organization, all working towards the same aims and motived by the same purpose, we will become a remarkable power for good to our outdoors.

Below are two coupons—your intelligence and conscience should tell you to sign both. You cannot spend two dollars better. Should the magazine make money (and it will in time) these profits will go to help us win our fight. Sign up and become a practical conservationist.

Membership-at-large coupon of residents of vicinities having no local chapter

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

OUTDOOR AMERICA COUPON

Date_____

Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the OUTDOOR AMERICA, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

☐ money order.
☐ currency.
☐ check. (5c for exchange)
☐ draft.

Name_____

Address_____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

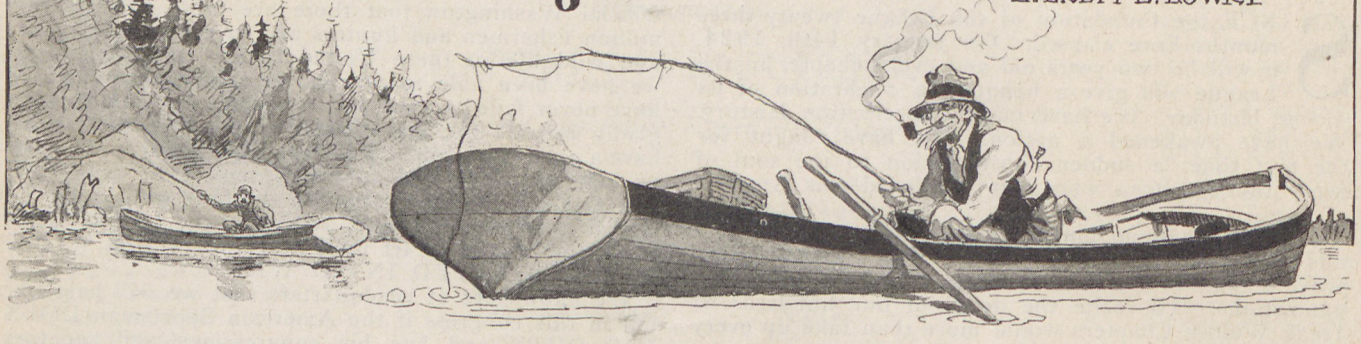
Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

One Half Day's Work

By

Hugh S. Fullerton

WITH DECORATIONS BY EVERETT E. LOWRY



"YES," Jed remarked, as having finished setting his rip saw, he laid it down and sliced a liberal shaving off his plug of tobacco, "I've heerd tell that Edison and Burbank and those fellows are powerful smart at inventing new things, but to my mind they ain't one, two, three, to Noah Prouty, up to the tother end of the lake."

Jed was what he styled a "hatchet and saw carpenter" and he and his apprentice, Joe, were building our summer cottage, working by the day. The cottage was to have been completed by June fifteenth; I had arrived with my family on July first and, although the date was July nineteenth, we were still living in a tent and in hopes of moving into the cottage before the weather got too cold for us to stay at the lake.

Fearing that Jed was leading up to a yarn I muttered a polite and possibly rather indifferent admission that perhaps Noah Prouty excelled both Edison and Burbank, understanding from experience that, when Jed launched upon the telling of a story he stopped work, and that, after he had started telling one, Joe, his helper, had to stop work to listen. This stopped progress on the cottage, but did not in the slightest degree affect the four dollars a day for Jed and the two dollars and a half for Joe. As Jed had commenced sharpening his saw the moment he arrived that morning I was not particularly eager to have him begin a story.

"Yes sir," he remarked meditatively, arousing my hopes by reaching for the saw, but refraining from picking it up. "I'll admit that Edison invented the electric light, the telephone, and the talking machine and that Burbank made the spineless cactus, the white blackberry and a new potato, but Noah had both of them beat three ways from the jack when it comes to doin' something really new. Ain't never heerd of Noah, have you?"

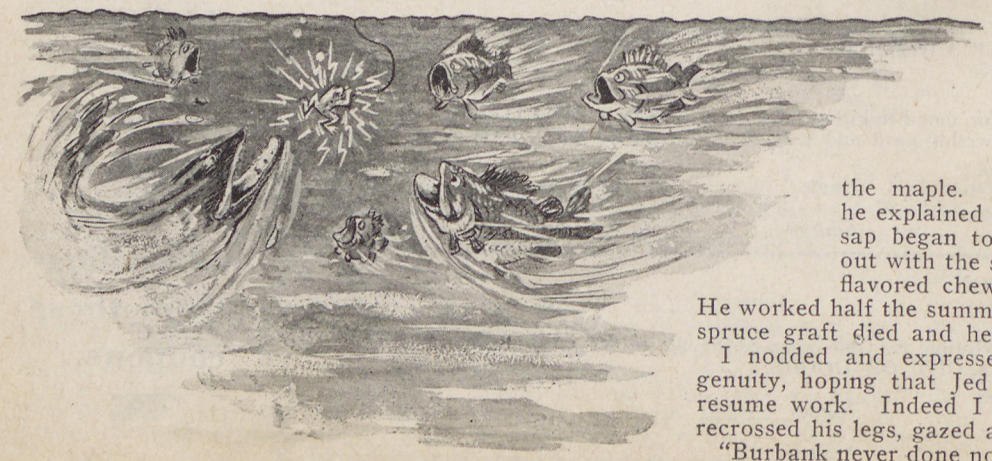
He stowed the chew more comfortably in a far corner of his jaw, slid the plug back in his hip pocket and eyed me while I abandoned hope. Being directly interrogated I was compelled to admit ignorance of the wonderful accomplishments of Mr. Noah Prouty and of Noah himself.

"You can't stay up here at the lake long and not hear about Noah," said Jed, picking up the saw, squinting along it and laying it down. "He is a character. I've knowed him ever since he moved into Benzie in the old lumbering days and took up a homestead in the cut-over land. That's his place way up yonder; runs from the lake shore back to the Priser place and over to the company's land on the other side. He sold some of it to the handle company. He's got as nice a little orchard as there is in the district and a lot of berries only he doesn't tend to them much."

"First I ever knowed of Noah being such an injenius feller was about eighteen year ago. We had a big blow through this way. Wind hit in through the draw back of Mandtses, cut through the camp grounds, and follered the lake clear up to Beulah. It cut quite a swath through Noah's woods lot. It must a tored down forty trees on his place. Mornin' after the storm I was drivin' out past his place on my way to do a job of roofin' at the Widow Lonergan's, the roof havin' been blowed off the barn. Blowed that roof clean over the house and landed it down in the hoss pasture and never teched the house. When I drove past Noah was standin' out in the woods lookin' up at a big maple tree and scratchin' his head. Any time you see Noah scratchin' his head you know he's got an idee.

"'Taint as bad as it looks,' he remarked. 'I got a idee that'll maybe make my fortune.'

"I can't see no fortune in it, so I got out and climbed onto the fence and Noah explained it to me. There was a big spruce tree that had broken off about forty feet from the ground and the top of the spruce had blown plumb against that big sugar maple and stuck about a foot into the trunk of the maple. It was still stickin' there. Noah allowed he was goin' to wax the spruce on to the maple with graftin' wax and let the spruce grow right into the maple. I couldn't see the point until he explained that, the next spring when the sap began to run, the sugar water'd come out with the spruce gum and he'd get maple flavored chewin' wax right out of the tree. He worked half the summer on that tree, but the blamed spruce graft died and he never got no results."



I nodded and expressed appreciation of Noah's ingenuity, hoping that Jed would be satisfied and would resume work. Indeed I started to move away but he recrossed his legs, gazed at me belligerently and asked—

"Burbank never done nothin' better than that, did he?"

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Thus challenged I had to admit that I never had heard of Mr. Burbank accomplishing a greater marvel, and pretended to get busy skinning the perch I had caught.

"Noah used to be the greatest fisherman in these parts," remarked Jed, expectorating thoughtfully. "He never fished much, because he is too darned busy to waste much time fishin', but when he did fish, he done it scientific—and the way he beat Ben Barker outen the champeenship was great. Noah says brains always win, even in fishin', and that time he beat Ben in the fishin' champeenship over on Platt lake I most died a-laughin'."

Much as I desired Jed to resume work on the cottage, I could not resist the counter desire to hear about the fishing, being somewhat of a fisherman myself.

"Ben always has claimed to be the champeen fisherman of this neck of Michigan," said Jed. "Nobody never disputed his claim much, because there aint many of us got time to spend all year fishin' and then start a new year. It so happened that one day someone was tellin' Noah about what a great fisherman Ben was and how he bragged he could catch twicet as many fish in a day as anyone in this chain of lakes. Noah remarked that he reckoned if he had time to waste he could beat Ben fishin'. When Ben heard of it, he snorted and challenged Noah to fish him for the champeenship of Benzie county and a five dollar side bet. Noah sent word he was too busy to do any fishin' that fall, but that the next spring he'd try to find time to learn Ben to catch fish.

"Noah is that way about everything. He always knows he can invent the thing that he needs. He didn't waste any time planning how to beat Ben—he just kept right on doin' what he was doin'. Most fellers would have spent the winter learnin' to cast anyhow, but Noah never even bought a fish pole.

"He was running a silver platin' outfit in a shack back of the house, because his wife wouldn't let him bring the smelly stuff into the kitchen. The shack was built half over the brook that runs down through his place to the lake. Late in the fall, after we'd had two or three hard frosts, Noah kep' hearin' frogs croakin' long after the frogs had laid up for the winter. He heerd them out back of the shack one day and went to investigate. Seems he used a lot of warm water in his silver platin' and the water, runnin' down a pipe, warmed the brook and the frogs had crawled up the cold brook and was sashaying around in the warm mud under the shack. Noah cotched three or four of them and took them into the shack and the fust he noticed give him a idee. He saw the stuff he was usin' to plate the knives and spoons was settlin' on them frogs' backs and makin' them all shiny. Noah didn't say nothin' to no one. He just got busy and coralled a whole passel of them frogs, made a tub for them and kept them in his shack all winter. Onct a week he dipped them in the silver platin' stuff and along in June the next year he sent word to Ben that he had time enough to fish him for the champeenship any day he might name.

"Ben set the day and they agreed to start fishin' at five o'clock in the mornin' and fish till noon in Platt Lake. All fish above one pound to count exceptin' red horses, any kind of bait or tackle to be used. Ben brought over a whole hoost of tackle and fancy baits, rods and spinners, and Noah he had a nice limber birch saplin' and about thirty feet of line with a bunch of hooks stuck in his coat, and he had two boxes under his arm. He said the bait was in them boxes, and Ben got curious about that bait. Me and Ed Rathbun and Jim Bebedict from Beulah was jedges. They rowed

down the lake a piece and Ben commenced castin', lettin' his boat drift. Noah watched him for a while, then he tied a hook onto his line, took out one of them silver-plated frogs, put it on the hook and tossed it in the water. The bass could see that shinin' frog kickin' a hundred yards away, and before that frog kicked twict a bass and a pickerel was fightin' each other to see which would get catched fust. Before ten o'clock Ben quit and said Noah was cheatin', and Noah had about sixty bass and pickerel in the boat and was just gettin' warmed up."

"Wonderful," I exclaimed, "why didn't Noah patent the idea and make a fortune selling that bait?"

"Couldn't," said Jed, cutting off another sliver of tobacco, "darned fool State game warden stopped him. Said the law forbid shinin' for fish and that silver plated frogs was shinin'. He made Noah quit, but Noah had got the fishin' fever. He didn't care much for catchin' them, but he certain sure liked to eat them, and he used to fish a lot until he found it was takin' up too much of his time. Then he got a better scheme than to catch fish."

Jed shifted his position, started to reach for the saw, observed that I was interested in his fishing, recrossed his legs, and continued:

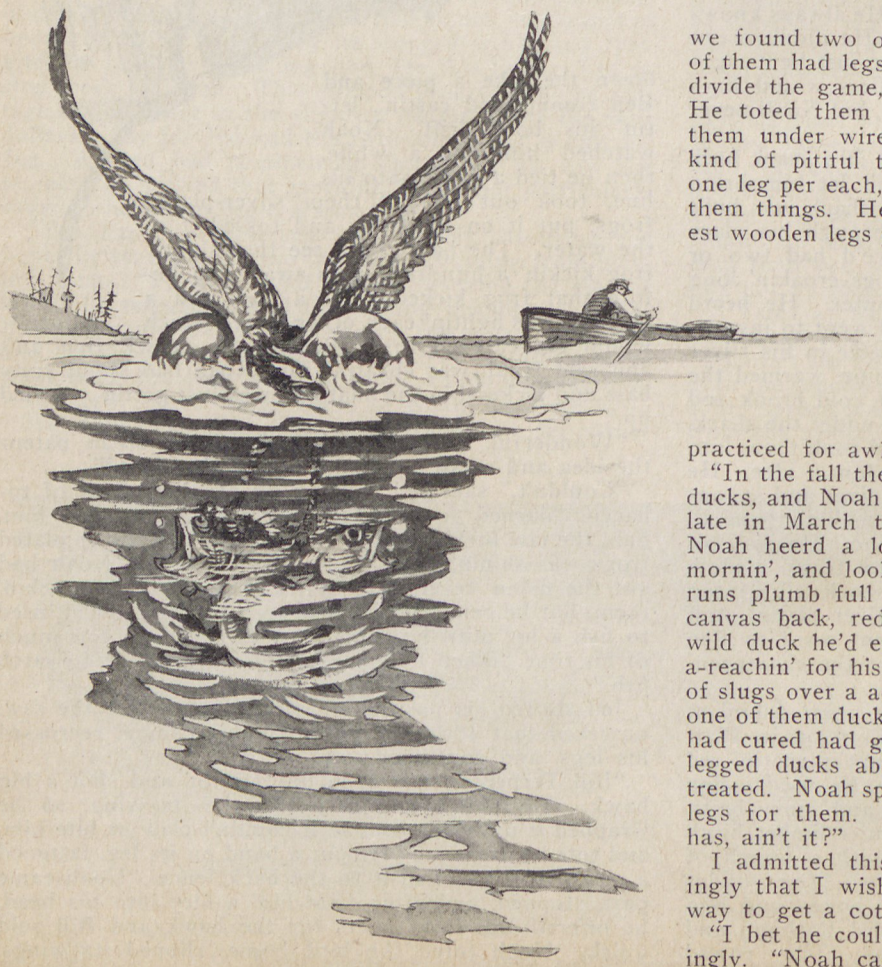
"Bill Terpening had been out huntin' and shot a big hawk. He didn't kill it—jest broke its wing, so he wrapped it up in his coat so it couldn't claw or bite him, and toted it to town. He put a band on its leg, fastened a chain to it and tied it to the back fence. Noah came past, stopped, and after scratchin' a idee into his head, he offered Bill forty cents for the hawk and Bill sold quick. Noah toted the bird home, clipped its wings,

mended up the busted one and started trainin' the hawk. Noah always was great at doctorin' animiles that got hurted. He didn't tell no one what he was doin', but when the hawk got well we found out.

"Seems the muskies and pickerel and the big trout in the lake had been grabbin' Noah's ducks by the legs, draggin' them under water and eatin' them. Noah's wife she liked roast duck, and every spring the fishes et up her young ducks almost as soon as they learned to swim, and she had to keep them shut up to have any a-tall. Noah bought a lot of them long rubber things the kids blow up to make squealers out of, blowed them full of air, tied the ends so the wind couldn't get out and put them under that hawk's wings. Then he rowed out into the lake and anchored the hawk in twenty feet of water. Old Mr. Hawk he didn't like the water a little bit. He screamed and flapped and pecked at the water and got his eyes full, but the anchor chain held him down and the bladders under his wings held him up. He was madder than a wet hen. Pretty soon he ducked his head under water as if he was grabbing at something, jerked it out and squalled again, madder than ever. Noah rowed over to where the hawk was anchored, and lifted him out of the water, and Mr. Hawk had a six pound bass in one talon and a 'leven pound pike in the other. Them fool fish had tried to grab Mr. Hawk by the legs like they done the ducks. Noah fed the hawk part of the fish and anchored him again. Inside of a week that hawk liked to fish as well as anyone ever did, and if Noah didn't take him out and anchor him in the mornin' he screamed like thunder to remind Noah it was time to fish. That hawk catched so many fish that after a while the fish in that end of the lake wouldn't go near a duck's leg for love or money, and Mrs. Prouty raised all the ducks she wanted."

I expressed some mild surprise at Noah's ingenuity in training the hawk, and strove gently to change the subject to the amount of work a carpenter ought to do in a day. Jed picked up the saw, got up and remarked—

"Oh, it wasn't nothin' for Noah to train that hawk. He sure knew how to train them, and he always was fixing up some animile or bird that got crippled or got sick. Me and him was duck huntin' one fall over in Grass lake and killed a whole bag full of duck. When we got home that night we found two of them duck was still alive, and both of them had legs shot all to pieces. When we come to divide the game, Noah asked for them two live ducks. He toted them home, amputated their legs, and put them under wire in one of his chicken runs. It was kind of pitiful to see them ducks hobblin' aroun' on one leg per each, Noah always was tender-hearted about them things. He set to work and built them the neatest wooden legs you ever see, makin' paddles at the end out of the soles of old rubber shoes. He tamed them and turned them out to swim on the lake. They could swim pretty well, but the rubber paddles didn't work as well as their web foots did. Noah had to put rudders on them so they could swim straight, and after they had practiced for awhile they got along fine.



"In the fall them two went away with the rest of the ducks, and Noah thought that was the last of them, but late in March the next year, back they came again. Noah heerd a lot of racket in his chicken yard that mornin', and lookin' out the winder he saw his chicken runs plumb full of ducks—teal and mallard, sprig and canvas back, red-heads and scooters, all the kinds of wild duck he'd ever seen and then some. He was jest a-reachin' for his old fusee that would scatter a handful of slugs over a acre, when he noticed that every darned one of them duck had lost one leg. Them two ducks he had cured had gone all over the South tellin' the one legged ducks about Noah and they'd all come to be treated. Noah spent most of the summer makin' wooden legs for them. Wonderful what sense some animiles has, ain't it?"

I admitted this to be a fact and remarked insinuatingly that I wished Noah would find time to devise a way to get a cottage built before winter time.

"I bet he could do even that," remarked Jed admiringly. "Noah can do most anything he sets out to do.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

You ain't never heerd about the grateful porcupine Noah owned, have you?"

I surrendered to the inevitable and reminded him that I had stated at the outset that I never had heard of Noah.

"That's so, that's so," he admitted, "but that was one of the funniest things Noah ever done. One winter Noah he come down to this end of the lake to trap foxes in the dunes and right somewhere along here he found a big old porky that was almost dead. You know no woodsman ever will kill a porcupine, even when it eats the stock off his gun, because if any one gets lost in the woods the porky is the only animile he can kill with a club to get food. I reckon some city yap didn't know this, and had tried to kill this one. Noah picked up old porky, put him on his sled, and brought him home. He doctored porky and fixed his broken leg and, when spring came, that old porky was as chipper as a squirrel and most all-fired grateful to Noah for savin' his life.

"That was the spring that young whippersnapper, Wiley Pridmore, wanted to mate up with Noah's daughter, Nellie. Wiley was a spruce young feller from over Travers way that had opened a pool room up town. He wore better clothes than the town boys did and smoked cigareets and Noah never did like him, especially after his colt jumped clean acrost a ditch when Wiley passed in his machine. Wiley certain sure could drive that old gasoline can of his. He used to drive it so fast he passed his own place four times before he could stop in front of it. He commenced flirtin' with Nellie, and Nellie flirted right back at him and before long Wiley had a idee he'd marry Noah's orchard and berry patch with Nellie throwed in for good measure. He mentioned the subject to Noah and Noah only missed him two kicks between the front door and the hitchin' post. Then he told Nellie that if ever he caught her talkin' to that city dude again he'd take a birch sprout to her, big as she was.

"Naturally Wiley and Nellie planned to elope in the rattle trap that Wiley called his car, go over to Honor and get hitched. No one ever has figgered out how that old porky heerd about it, but he must have knowed. One night Nellie she climbed outen the winder onto the front porch roof, went down a ladder and Noah waked jist in time to hear that darned contraption of Wiley's snortin' and lookin' out the winder, he see Nellie ridin' away licketty split with Wiley. Noah hitched up the colt as fast as he could

(Continued on page 320)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Superior National Forest Boundary Extension

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

A Bill

BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to examine and locate for acquirement, any lands in private ownership within or adjoining the Superior National Forest in the counties of Cook and Lake and that part of Saint Louis County north of township fifty-three, north and east of range eighteen, west of the fourth principal meridian, in the State of Minnesota, which may be offered for sale or exchange as herein provided, and which in his judgment are chiefly valuable for the production of timber or for protection of stream flow:

Sec. 2. That the Secretary of Agriculture is hereby authorized to purchase, in the name of the United States, lands within the territory and of the character described in Section One;

Provided, That no lands shall be purchased under this Act until the report thereon shall have been submitted to, and the purchase price of such lands approved by, the National Forest Reservation Commission established by the Act approved March first, nineteen hundred and eleven (Volume thirty-six, Statutes at Large, page nine hundred and sixty-one), which Commission is hereby authorized to consider and pass upon such of said lands as the Secretary of Agriculture may recommend for purchase, and fix the price or prices at which such lands may be purchased;

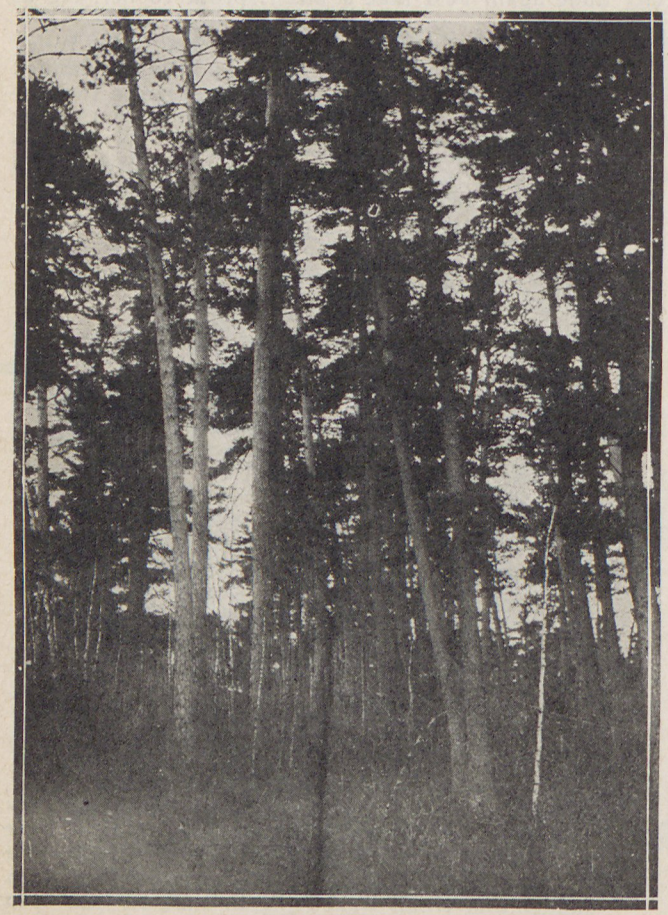
Provided, That no payments shall be made for any such lands until title shall be satisfactory to the Attorney-General and shall be vested in the United States; **and**

Provided, Further, That the National Forest Reservation Commission shall, through its president, annually report to Congress, not later than the first Monday in December, the operations and expenditures of the Commission under this Act in detail, during the preceding fiscal year;

Sec. 3. That the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized to accept on behalf of the United States title to any lands in private ownership in said territory which in the opinion of the Secretary of Agriculture are chiefly valuable for national forest purposes and in exchange therefor may patent not to exceed an equal value of national forest land in the same state, or the Secretary of Agriculture may authorize the grantor to cut and remove an equal value of timber within the national forests of the same state, the values in each such case to be determined by the Secretary of Agriculture;

Provided, That timber given in such exchanges shall be cut and removed under the laws and regulations relating to the national forests, and under the direction and supervision, and in accordance with the requirements of the Secretary of Agriculture.

Sec. 4. That the acquisition of any lands under this Act may be conditioned upon the exception and reservation to the owner from whom title passes to the United States of the minerals and of the merchantable timber, or either or any part of them, within or upon such lands at the date of conveyance, but in every case such exceptions and reservation and the time within which such timber shall



A fine stand of Pine in the Big Lake District, and typical of the Superior National Forests. Of the original 5,200,000,000,000 board feet virgin timber in the United States, but 1,600,000,000,000 board feet remain

The great Trout Lake fire, 1917, in the Superior National Forest; the result of an unguarded spark. Forest fires in the United States on an average burn over an area of approximately 7,500,000 acres of forest land, equal to twice the area of timber cut. The timber consumed annually by fire is approximately 2,250,000,000 feet more than the amount of lumber used by the State of Pennsylvania

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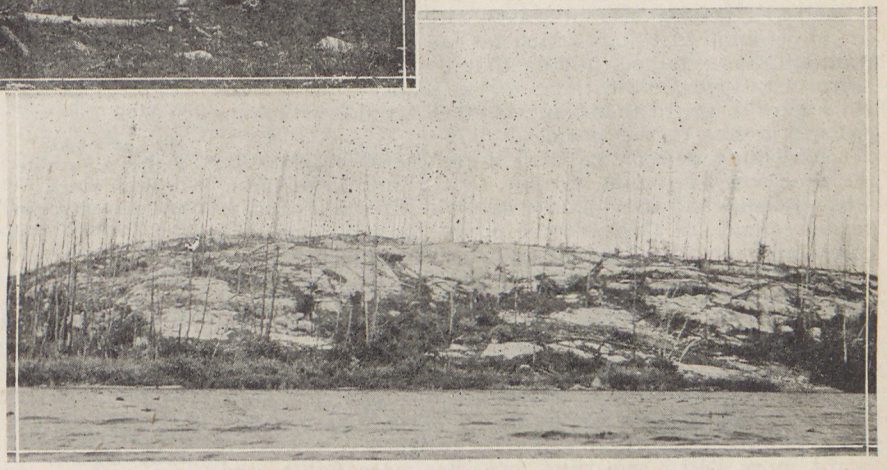
(At left)—After the fire had passed. The United States Forest Service states that the average cost of fire protection for the United States is approximately two and three-quarter cents per acre a year

(Below)—A severe burn; even the soil has been burned out and reproduction will not set in again. The stoutest of hearts bleed at the sight of the heroic efforts of Nature to cover the barren rocks with soil building herbage that in time may support a feeble growth of brush, through decades and even centuries of patient effort, until the accumulation of vegetable mold is favorable to resumption of tree growth, to be laid waste again by other fires. There are 81,000,000 acres of waste land in the United States



be removed and the rules and regulations under which cutting and removal of such timber and the mining and removal of such minerals shall be done, shall be expressed in the written instrument of conveyance, and thereafter the mining, cutting and removal of the minerals and timber so excepted and reserved shall be done only under and in obedience to the rules and regulations so expressed.

Sec. 5. That there is hereby authorized to be appropriated from any moneys in the National Treasury not otherwise appropriated a sum up to thirty million dollars, which shall be available until expended, or until Congress shall provide otherwise, for carrying out the purposes of this Act.

Sec. 6. That the lands conveyed to the United States under this Act shall, upon acceptance of title, become a part of the Superior National Forest, and be subject to all the laws and regulations applicable thereto.

REMEMBER that the United States Forest Service was obliged to forego $160,000 of State and County funds pledged for auto highways through the Superior National Forest. These would have helped them in protecting the Forest from fires.

You and I protested against these highways, but at the same time, we pledge ourselves to do our darndest to introduce and push a Bill that will minimize fire danger by a purchase of private lands within the Forest, and by the extension of its present boundaries.

The time has come for you and me to redeem that pledge. The Bill has been introduced. The vehicle has been set in motion, but it is on an uphill grade and needs the combined efforts of many willing shoulders.

Your Congressmen and Senators are deeply interested to know how you feel about the Superior National Forest Boundary Extension Bill. They are anxious to serve you, if you will but direct them. That they may feel sure of their grounds, write them today to do their utmost in support of this Bill as their own share to help protect our meager timber resources, which at the same time helps to preserve that priceless lakeland wilderness, the Superior National Forest, with its abundant wild life and gamiest of fresh water game fishes, one of the greatest national playgrounds of the outdoor man. Do your bit.

Conservation Suggestions

From George E. Scott, Chairman Executive Committee, I. W. L. A., to Will H. Dilg, President, I. W. L. A.

DEAR Will:

I am advised that there is a tremendous amount of illegal game sold throughout the United States. It can be purchased at almost all first class hotels, clubs and restaurants. I believe the way to stop the selling of game is from the other end—stop the buying of it. This can be done by moral suasion to a large extent.

What would you think of a campaign to get all of our chapters to secure a properly worded pledge from the leading hotels, clubs and restaurants that they would not purchase or sell game in violation of the law?

I am enclosing clipping from the New York Times in reference to the forest problems and reforestation. I think this is a very active subject now everywhere, and I believe, as I suggested the other day, that we should feature it prominently in the magazine. I think you should write an editorial on the subject. I know of nothing that is crying for protection and help so much as our forests. At the rate our standing timber is being cut, in thirty or forty years there will be absolutely none of it left. In spite of this desperate condition of affairs there is no real comprehensive program of state or national legislation under way at the present time. We could get the public interested to the same extent that they have been worked up over the Mississippi river bottom lands.

Yours very truly,
George E. Scott.

The Lost Legend

A Chronicle of the

PAUL

Mythical Hero

CHAPTER I

In Which John Rogers, as a Youth, goes Lumbering and Hears of the Camps of Paul Bunyan

THERE comes a time in the life of every man whose age has reached a decent figure when he realizes that his death is the matter of a few months, or of a year or two at most. This is followed (in my case at least) with a feverish desire to rid his mind of things which he has known for a long time and has retained, hoping that by so doing he may more clearly formulate them for utterance—but which, if he were to guard them much longer, would, with him, die and be lost to the world.

I have long anticipated with a great deal of pleasure the time when I should recount, to a grandson of mine, what I know of the history of Paul Bunyan; and it seems to me, all things considered, that the time has come, and must be grasped or lost forever. The story is not an exciting one, and from what I hear and read of the modern idea of entertainment, you may think it dull, but I ask that you hear me through, for the novelty of the thing if for no other reason.

From early youth to late in life, I worked in the woods. I was as good a white-water man, I think, as you could find in the northern Minnesota pineries, and certainly I worked with the roughest crews, and heard more fancy swearing, and saw more fights, and engaged in more, than fell to the lot of most.

I was a lumberjack, and as much for the fun and thrill of that carefree existence in the woods as from need of food, clothing and shelter. When I left the woods I believe I can say that the last of the old school had passed, for when I was still a lad in the camps the pioneer lumberjack, who worked in the woods because he loved them, and hewed timber because he wanted to, and who felt in his blood something of the spirit of the builder of empires, was in his prime. And I, a boy, worked with these mighty men, and took their good natured banter; learning more, and seeing more, of life in the woods, than you can imagine.

I think it was while attending the grade school that I first heard the call of the woods. A friend of my father was the owner of a hardware store, and it used to be my duty to run to this store and fetch my father (who was fond of visiting) when occasion demanded that he come home. The hardware dealer had tacked upon the wall a number of pictures, in full colors, of incidents in the lumber camps; of virgin forests and roaring waters; of falling trees and mighty red shirted men.

John Rogers goes to fetch his father and after studying certain pictures, makes a momentous decision.

You can probably imagine that I used to attend to this family chore with alacrity, and that I filched as many minutes as I could while waiting for my father to finish his game of cards, and spent them in earnest contemplation of these prints. I was entirely captivated by the pictures, and soon was fully decided to make lumbering my life's work. While going on errands for my mother, with my muffler wrapped around my neck and my hands so thoroughly mittened that I could scarcely bend them, I used to imagine I was a mighty peavey prince trekking through a great wilderness; and particularly did I imagine myself a full muscled hero of the pines if the night was unusually blustery, and the snow swirling, and the wind whistling through the bare tree tops. Every light that gleamed was then a beacon shining from the window of a cook shanty; and never did I enter a full lighted store and stamp the snow from my boots but I was swaggering into a bunk house, filled with carefree woodsmen.

I became unduly diligent at keeping full the woodbox in mother's kitchen. I remember once having prevailed on her to have the woodman deliver the oak cordwood in full length sticks, so I could cut it up. I never could get home from school fast enough, to use my saw and axe; and not only my parents but the whole neighborhood wondered at this unforeseen change in me—that is, wondered at my industry.

He Leaves his Father's Fireside to Seek Work and Adventure in the North Woods.

You may not be surprised to know, then, that I left home at an early age, and before I had turned sixteen I found myself at the head of Lake Superior, in Duluth (a very small place, and hardly worth bothering about) and before I had been there an hour I found myself on the street generally frequented by those whom I proudly considered my kind. I deemed it necessary to purchase a pint of liquor, and placing it in my hip pocket—first having shared a drink with the bartender—I set out to make myself known.

He gets there by Following the Crowd, having spent part of his Substance in Riotous Living.

The succeeding events are not quite clear in my mind—the occurrences of youth do so rapidly pass from memory!—but it was not long after that I found myself on a very rickety steam train, which seemed to fairly dodge the trees in its hazardous flight through the woods.

We were about a dozen, on some manner of flat car, clinging for dear life to the rough hewn floor, or deck. However, the perfume of the balsam and the clean aroma of the pine were in the air; deep forests were on either side; I was at last in the land of my dreams.

Near noon we drew unexpectedly into a little town hemmed in by a deep surrounding forest, and were glad enough to detrain and stretch our legs a bit. We discovered that this was the end of the line, and our destination. We made directly for a large, rambling unpainted structure which bore the sign of a hotel.

The town was a quiet place that afternoon, but it turned loose after dark.

John Rogers tries to Sleep in a Lumbering Town and passes a Restless Night.

I remember that I was awakened from an early sleep by a great deal of shouting and yelling, and when I looked out of my window (which opened on the main street) I was amazed at the scene before me. Straggling lumberjacks had come in from the nearby camps to return to Duluth on the train that had brought us up (so I learned afterward) and the little town seemed ready to fall to pieces under the impact. Ramshackle buildings made of new pine lumber seemed to fairly burst with light and noise; lumberjacks seethed about like ants on an ant hill. The board sidewalks fairly roared under the spiked boots.

I slept but little, partly because of the noise and partly because of the suppressed excitement contingent on my arrival in the north woods. Therefore when I was called by a kick on the door of my room before daylight to start the long trip out to the camp, I was as tired as I had been on the day before.

The dozen of us who had arrived together were

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

ne entary History of one

IN YAN

o American Forests

As Told by John Rogers to His Grandson, and Compiled by

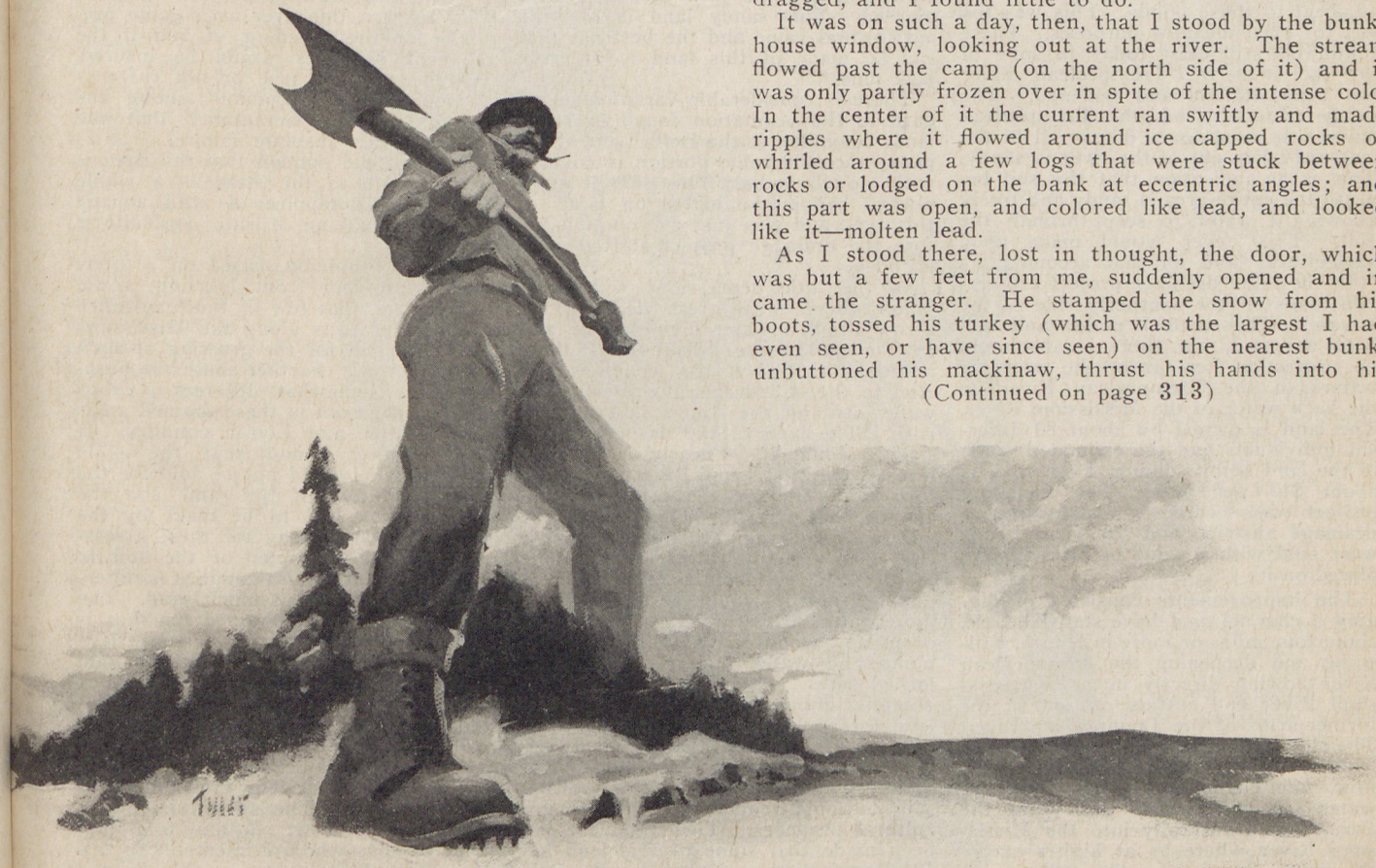
DONALD HOUGH

herded out on the board sidewalk with our turkeys (as we called the stout bags in which we carried our personal belongings) and told to wait for our sleds. Some of my companions had not fully recovered from their celebrations of the night, and certainly few of them had shed their clothes at all.

Presently a great bob-sled drawn by four horses drew up, and we clambered in. We dashed down the main street, turned across the railroad track and plunged into the darkness of the forest. All day long we rode through the woods, following a trail so narrow that it would have taken an expert surveyor to even so much as see it.

All day we travelled, huddled in the sled, speaking but little, many of us sleeping to make up for the night before. It was late at night when we arrived at the camp. To a dozen half frozen lumberjacks and one three quarters frozen lad, it was a wondrous, welcome sight. All we could see in the darkness were upper halves and the roofs of a collection of long, low log buildings. For the cabins were banked with snow; and the lights from the little windows in the ends of the long bunk houses shone on it; and it was, indeed, a warm, comfortable sight.

I heard a banjo, and muffled voices, and singing, all of which was audible because of the intense silence outside, undisturbed but for the creaking of the snow under our sled, and the light clinking of the horses' harness.



The Pictures on the Wall of the Hardware store Have Come to Life at Last.

The smoke from the chimneys rose straight into the air: tall white columns floating upward, past the dark background formed by the forest that loomed behind the clearing, and into the star specked sky above.

One of the men on the sled gave a terrible whoop, and another cried out "Hey there, ye hearties!" and one of the doors opened and figures of big hulking men were silhouetted against the light, casting long shadows on the snow.

We got out, cramped from the cold and from our crowded positions, and soon were bathed in the glow of big pot-bellied stoves that were red hot. We were a scraggly crew, and because we were extras, shipped in in the middle of winter, we were obliged to take the most obscure bunks.

It was some two weeks later, as I remember, that I first heard of Paul Bunyan.

CHAPTER II.

One day, when I was alone in the bunkhouse as usual, a stranger came to camp.

Work is fairly Plentiful, but Adventure still Lies beyond the Window.

I had been assigned to the duties of seeing that the bunkhouse was reasonably clean, and of attending to the fires, and keeping the wood box full. I was usually busy all day long, but sometimes the hours dragged, and I found little to do.

It was on such a day, then, that I stood by the bunkhouse window, looking out at the river. The stream flowed past the camp (on the north side of it) and it was only partly frozen over in spite of the intense cold. In the center of it the current ran swiftly and made ripples where it flowed around ice capped rocks or whirled around a few logs that were stuck between rocks or lodged on the bank at eccentric angles; and this part was open, and colored like lead, and looked like it—molten lead.

As I stood there, lost in thought, the door, which was but a few feet from me, suddenly opened and in came the stranger. He stamped the snow from his boots, tossed his turkey (which was the largest I had even seen, or have since seen) on the nearest bunk, unbuttoned his mackinaw, thrust his hands into his

(Continued on page 313)

Speaking of Drainage!

More proofs that it is usually a failure

By DR. L. H. PAMMEL

A Report on the Trempealeau County Drainage Project.

THIS drainage project situated in Trempealeau County in the low swampy region of Marshland and Pine Creek to the mouth of the Trempealeau River covers an area of about 7,500 acres. The project was promoted by Captain Thompson of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, in co-operation with a Mr. Clark. The company was known as the Delta Land Company, getting its name from the delta formed at the mouth of the Trempealeau River.

This tract of land consisted of an overflow bottom lands and low lands along the Trempealeau River as well as the lakes situated in the area. The Trempealeau River, a tortuous stream, flows through the land within this area also through uplands quite sandy in which such trees as the black oak, a few ash and cottonwood grew. Originally some of the land was used for meadow purposes. The low land lying between the sandy barrens was often quite wet, contained water, in some places sloughs of considerable length. Naturally, this land could not be used for meadow purposes. In these sloughs there were the American lotus and in some places the white pond lily, spatter dock, rushes, cattails, a large coarse species of sedge growing in the area adjacent to these ponds. This was too wet for even meadow purposes. These conditions still exist today in spite of the fact that the Trempealeau River has been drained and widened. The sandy material from the Trempealeau River was used for a dike. All of the material taken out of the river is sandy. This is an indication that the soil beneath the entire area is sandy and freely allows the water to seep through the soil. This never would make good agricultural land on that account.

In the same drainage project are certain lands on the southerly side of the stream. This land I understand has been assessed, but there is absolutely no protection here from the overflow waters of the Trempealeau River or the back water of the Mississippi River. The land is owned by about 80 different individuals and the estimated value of the land before diking, I am told, is about $10 per acre. The financing project was secured by establishing a drainage district and 20 year bonds were sold with a value of $10 per acre placed on it.

The improvements consisted of digging a channel as I have stated before, about four miles or more in length, widening and deepening the Trempealeau River flowing directly into the Mississippi River and cutting off one of the former arms of the Trempealeau River. The old Trempealeau River was reduced from a sixteen mile course to a new four mile channel. At low stages of water (as is the case this year) the area drained naturally into the Mississippi River where as at higher stages the gates placed near the outlet were closed and a pumping plant established to pump the water out of the drainage district.

The pumping plant was installed about the year 1914 and it is interesting to observe that a few years later during a high stage of water in the Mississippi River the Burlington Railroad which served as a dike on one side broke, allowing the flood waters to enter into the area of the drainage district. The water at this point was 40 feet deep and this washout took 400 feet of the Burlington track. At the time of this flood there were approximately 200 acres under cultivation. The pump is not in operation now and just back of it are several ponds covered with the American lotus and water lily.

I am told that no effort has been made to keep the area drained since the disastrous flood and it is admitted that if the pump is to be a success that it will be necessary to increase the capacity of the pump at least several times more. I observed that the flood gate is partially demolished, that one of the cement wings of the approach to the flood gate is broken.

I observed that some wild slough hay was being cut and next to the low lands there were several oat fields. This land is more or less sandy and probably even before this drainage project was started, only partially covered with water at high stage of the river. In certain of the sand pockets above high water mark some jack pine had been planted. This sandy land is of little agricultural value and the best use that can be made of this land is to grow jack pine.

There is considerable variation in regard to the vegetation found over the lands belonging to the Delta Land Company, a considerable portion is covered with slough grass. This slough grass always has predominated on lands of this type and was just as common before the drainage project started as it is today.

In the little depressions with more water there is a great deal of the arrow head, a water loving plant, and in the still deeper depressions there are quantities of a large coarse sedge. And in the still deeper depressions the water lily and the American lotus and rush. The land of the deeper depressions undoubtedly is nearly of the same level as the Mississippi River and therefore would receive the constant seepage of that stream. There would be no way of stopping this seepage since the underground waters move quite rapidly and as soon as the water is pumped out it would be replaced by more water, so that a very large amount of money would have to be spent to pump the water out of these landlocked lakes. In fact, it would be absolutely impossible to ever use this land for agricultural purposes.

It is my opinion that even if this land were drained successfully that the underground waters, as this soil is sandy, would render it unfit for agricultural purposes. The statement has been made that some of this land has 12 feet of good agricultural soil. Borings, of course were not made by myself, but the lower end of the dike consists of material taken from the soil adjacent to the dike. This material consists of fine and coarse sand with a little humus on top. It is probably true that in some places the depth of the black soil is several feet in thickness but this rests on a sandy soil; dunes or ridges. The little sand running through the tract comes from shifting sand. These ridges were therefore largely made from moving sand at some time in the past history of this land. The ridges running through the tract are not unlike those of the adjacent lands which are now partly cultivated. This is essentially a sand dune area.

It is interesting to state in this connection that people interviewed by myself in regard to the value of this tract for agricultural purposes say it is worth very little. These remarks were made by parties who were in no way interested in the matter financially and they did not know the reason of my inquiry. Without exception the people of Galesville and the vicinity were of the opinion that the drainage project is an absolute failure and that it was a mistake to drain it. They thought it would have been better for the community and the public at large to have allowed the whole channel of the Trempealeau River to take its old course. I have also been told that certain parties interested in this drainage project would be glad to turn this over as a game preserve for the breeding of fish if the payment of taxes would be insured. Whether this be true or not there is a well grounded opinion among the citizens of this community that the project is an absolute failure.

I am of the opinion that this area is worth more to the state as a whole from the standpoint of wild aquatic life than making it into agricultural lands.

It is my opinion, based on a study of the problem from Lansing, Iowa, to St. Paul, that few of these so-called drainage projects along the Mississippi are successful for the growing of agricultural crops. Farther south the problems are somewhat different Crops have been grown in these drained areas in Muscatine and Louisa counties. It was however found that the state drained lands could not be sold for the assessment against the same and the appropriation had to be made by the state of Iowa to pay for these assessments. The character of the soil in Muscatine and Louisa counties is different. There is not as much sand. The soil in part of the drained marshes is a fine silt loam. Many persons have told me that it was a mistake to drain this area in the two counties mentioned. The cost of pumping the water is large, and though the pumps now in operation are fairly successful, it does not follow that they would be so in Winneshiek, and the Reno district in Houston county, Minnesota. The subsoil is a very different character. I am told that some persons who are interested in this Muscatine drainage are unable to pay the assessment against the land and that some consider this project a failure.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

A Double *on* Grouse

By

LIONELL F. PHILLIPS

Illustration by Herman A. Thieme

OUR friend John is a business man, keen, resourceful and a success in his particular line. Like all the rest of humanity, however, his highly convoluted brain is "kinked" just a little too deeply along one certain line, and in his case, the kink happens to be grouse shooting. We don't wish to intimate that his sole outdoor pastime is the pursuit of this elusive bird, for he wades foaming brooks for six inch trout with the same eagerness that he wallows after the tiny rail bird in its muddy environments. Yet, with all the varied wealth of stream and field at his disposal, he spends most of the year in longing for the opening of the grouse season. He spends hard earned dollars at the traps, he has us hurl clay birds skimming the underbrush, all to put him in condition for the brief season on these fast flying birds. His greatest ambition, openly expressed, is "Some day I'm going to make a double on grouse."

Possibly some of you are about to exclaim, "That's easy. The fellow must be a rotten shot." The trouble is that you are both right and wrong. We have seen the ruffed grouse rise in front of us by the dozen, and at close enough range to make a "double" time and time again. We have seen the birds strut and preen themselves on fallen log, paying no attention to the motionless but eager setter on point. But—all this never happened in our circumscribed little state where the number of licensed hunters far outnumber the game to be had. Our birds are highly educated in the art of gunnery, usually rising well out of range and with the peculiar knack of dodging behind a tree trunk just as you hurl a shot charge at them. To see a dozen birds in a day's hunt is good fortune; to kill but one bird cleanly is a gift of the gods, and to double on these birds is nothing less than a miracle as those in our part of the country know.

We have gone in detail to show you just how strange it was that our keen business man should acquire an ambition so impossible of fulfilment—in our state. With all this his zeal remained unimpaired, each week-end of the hunting season finding us starting out early in the day, filled with high hopes, and each day finding us returning like the well-known plowman, wending "his weary way homeward," on gala occasions with a bird or possibly two birds to show for our efforts. One by one our friends and acquaintances had tried the game, only to go down in defeat before the frowning mountain region the ruffed grouse claims as home. Every now and then an enthusiastic tyro would bob up, only to decline any further invitations to our week-end trips over the hills after one wearisome, futile try.

"Again John modestly mentioned his peculiar experience—"

Things had gone wrong last hunting season, mostly because our favorite and slow moving setter had been seriously injured in an early season accident. The woods were dry as tinder, branches popping under foot to be heard a quarter of a mile away. Rarely did we get within range of a bird, and more rarely did we down a bird. This particular day was no exception; we had sighted one lone bunny near the farmhouse apple orchard, but that was all in spite of four hunters combing the likely ground. Yes, strange to say, there were four of us that day, two being the owners of the land. It was because of their enthusiastic description of their game paradise that we happened to be off of our beaten track and in a hitherto unknown country. After a whole day of fruitless endeavor, who can blame our

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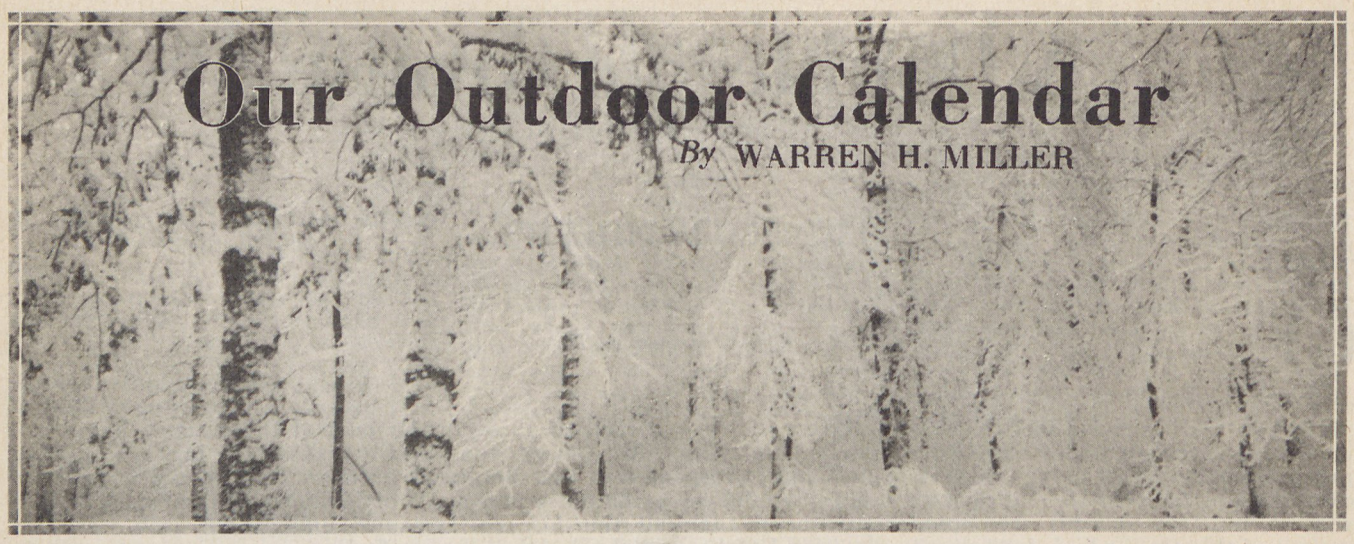

Our Outdoor Calendar

By WARREN H. MILLER

January

THE Snow Moon. We too agree with the Indians in that name for January, for it is a corollary of our proverb, "When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen." I see a preliminary shiver running through you, dear reader, when I go on to say that there is no better time in the woods than this same January! But, come now, let us reason over this thing: **Why** do you start back in affright at this idea? Cold? Bleak? Dreary? Dead? Everything buried in snow? Oh, come, now!

There is that in man which makes him rejoice in the fierce yet lovable sternness of Nature at this season of her year. There is the zest of battle, of triumph, that we, poor naked shivering things, are warm and all-alive, and full of crisp spirit, and well housed, and enjoying ourselves hugely—all in the face of this snow and ice and sharp wind of Mother Nature's—solely by virtue of our truth to conditions as we find them. God gave us fire in our hearts; the rest is clothing, tentage, firewood in which our forest still abounds. And there is the insatiable craving for beauty in the breast of man; the beauty of myriads of sparkling diamonds studding the swell of the snowbank; the beauty of white lacery of snow-laden branches and twigs in the silent forest, where it seems always Christmas; the beauty of sunlit ravines with flowing water in them, all flecked with rose and orange and purple in the criss-cross of tree shadow and sun-glow; the beauty of wide, still, open places, where an ice-bound lake lies like a gem in the mountains bordered with frosty trees. The beauty of the woods in winter is at times almost too dazzling and pure and holy for the soul of man to endure!

The Chesapeake, star dog for winter wildfowling.

Varying hare, the kids' winter game.

With him (and her) along there will always be interest.

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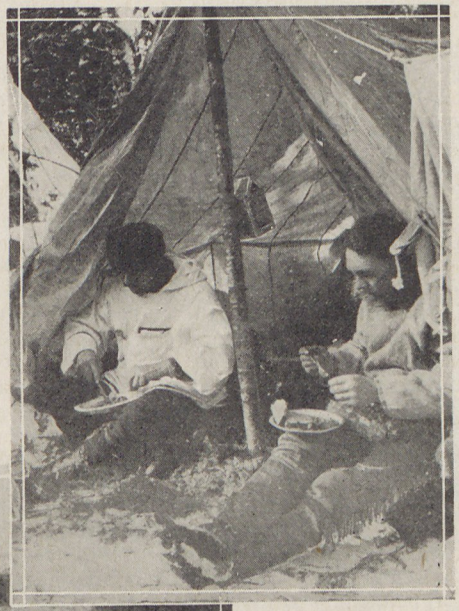
And there is interest. Predatory game for the rifle and the shotgun; tracks, tracks, tracks, the story writ in the snow of the doings of our little friends whose lives are essentially so like our own; the winter bird population, by no means scant, from the irrepressible chickadee to the indefatigable downy woodpecker; above all the interest of just living here, surrounded with all this beauty, making ourselves comfortable with axe and balsam browse, home-building with ease where a city dweller would shrink back in terror.

As for the cold—pish! there's nothing to it! Once we four were riding down into a mountainous Montana valley covered deep with snow, a blizzard roaring around us, the early winter darkness already coming on. A bleak and inhospitable valley. Nothing in it but a clump of spruces, in the bend of a snow-bound watercourse. Bald and rocky heights, all in a ring, sifted over with powdery snow. We thought it a good



Camp comfort in snow time.

The Lady finds plenty to do on a snow camp

place. The essentials were there, wood and water. Those spruces, too, would make a shelter of sorts for a sock-drying conflagration.

Arrived at them, no campsite discoverable to a city man was to be seen. Alders, a great thicket of them, entirely surrounding the thicket. But yet was it a good place, for look you!—Two men went off with the horses to a mountain meadow, while the other two dealt with those alders with axes. Presently a cleared space, irregularly large enough to floor the tent, appeared amongst them. A pole came out of the spruce clump and was thrust through the folds of the tent for a ridge. Chosen alder stubs were utilized as tent pegs; others for the guy ropes. Snow was then shoveled up against the tent walls, all around, to make it wind-tight by one of the men, while the other was setting up the camp stove inside and thereon was bringing forward coffee, potatoes, dried fruits, and a mulligan stew of elk steaks, grouse breasts, rice, and cans of peas and tomatoes. Inside the oven a nest of dough-gods was rising. The other man brought in huge furry caterpillars of balsam browse and spread them thick over the rear floor of the tent. On them the bed-rolls were unfurled. By the time the two horse wranglers had returned from their labors, the inside of the tent was illuminated by swinging candle lanterns and the glow of the stove, and all was song and good cheer. Outside the blizzard still roared on. Half an hour to make a home!

Forget the cold. God gave you bodily heat, enough to withstand any temperature so long as the clothing is adequate. The esteemed "Atlantic" once ran a story called "Matches" in which two girls were supposed to have frozen nearly to death in a good North Dakota prairie cabin because they had left the matches out of their supplies. This in spite of piles and piles of bedding! Well enough, for the indoor readers of that magazine, who might believe it; but we—ask Eskimo and white man alike, who can turn in on a snow-bank to sleep at 54 below zero wrapped in nothing but his kooletah and a two-by-four bit of fur! You have superabundant animal heat in the zest and exercise of the outdoors in January; the thing to do is to conserve it by textures which will not let either the surrounding cold or the busy wind steal it away as fast as given out. Once the equilibrium is established you are warm; without it you become "cold." The same is true of the sleeping kit. Blankets will not do, for the cold wind steals through the weave and robs away that precious heat your body is steadily

Loaded up for home, and how we hated to leave.

giving out until you can give no more. But, blankets plus a wind-tight envelope, ah, that's another story! The best is fur, hair side in, a light fur sleeping bag of Arctic fox or baby caribou weighing some ten pounds. The next is Hudson's Bay all-wool blankets, three of them doubled, in a light air-tight bag. But no cotton. **None at all!** Let's make it emphatic and be sure of this. For, cotton being vegetable fibre, is cellular and has an exasperating way of absorbing the dampness of the woods air. It then becomes a most excellent conductor to hand over that precious bodily heat of yours to the hungry outside elements. Also it steadily gains weight. It seems absurd to have to point out this, for the great desideratum in the winter woods is warmth and lightness combined, which wool has. Handle any pure wool fabric. How very light, yet how warm to the feel of

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The Kennel Department

Conducted by OZARK RIPLEY

All questions concerning the care, training and conditioning of sporting dogs will be promptly answered by Ozark Ripley, who for years was a professional trainer of field trial and shooting dogs. During his last years in the capacity of handler of bird dogs of all kinds, he had entire charge of the string of the late Hon. Norman J. Coleman, Ex-Secty. of Agrl.

THE essentials which go to make up a bird dog would mean little without courage, and strange to say that very few sportsmen look for this quality in a family of pointers and setters when they are making their selection of an individual for their future use in quail and grouse hunting. The average trainer uses the vulgar word "guts" when applying it to a dog. It is the very same thing which carries a man to battle and through it, and is as necessary as nose, natural bird sense and physical make-up. There are thousands of dogs in this country today with magnificent physical make-up and every other requirement that fail to make great dogs because they lack the field courage which carries them over the roughest going all day.

Years ago the world of field trial men looked on with astonishment at a pointer and a setter bitch that were very much undersize, frail in appearance, timid looking when out of the haunts of game, yet nevertheless cleaned up everything in the circuit. They were bird finders, they had speed to burn and most of all the courage that made them great. They knew no obstacles of cover or open stretches, but when they were put down, at an amazing gait they devoured the work ahead of them, showing the love which only masterful dogs do of their work.

The difference between pointers and setters is not so great as the average faddist of each separate breed tries to make the listener believe. Time has proven that both breeds surpass any other on game birds, but favoritism for a setter or pointer is easily seen as individuals point out the surpassing qualities of their selection. One man vows the pointer is the best bird dog, and another the setter. For a while the setters surpassed the pointers in field trials because they were bred with that in mind, and then later on the pointers showed the lead which to a certain extent they are doing now. Setter fanciers claimed that on account of the short coat of the pointers they would not take briars like a setter, could not stand the cold, and were not much use when it came to retrieving out of water. The pointer was never bred for a duck dog, and the good duck dogs among modern setters, like among pointers, are very few and far between. If a pointer is kept going right after retrieving out of water he will dry more quickly than a setter, and the coat of the particular type of modern setters is nothing to brag about in the way it acts as a protection against briars or cold. The pointer with the right fighting heart will go anywhere a setter will, in the most defying blackberry thicket, green briar or other spiny growths. He will not ball up with wet snow, and will retrieve out of water and not suffer from it if the owner is humane enough to exercise him after a cold plunge. Cold water is not the first love of a pointer, nor the first love of the modern setter, but the way owners start them has a lot to do with it, and most of all courage. A man is wasting time breeding setters as duck dogs, the same with pointers when there is so much better natural material for that purpose.

This thing of fighting heart, guts or courage, whichever you care to call it, never impressed me so much as at one of the field trials a number of years ago. A little pointer won simply because she had the staying power and courage under the most adverse conditions. On account of bad weather several days of the trials suffered postponement. Postponement could not be considered any longer. So the final day was a cold stormy one in the South and those who have hunted there know what rain and sleet mean both to man and dog in the tawny sedge fields where quail abide. It soaks and soaks and chills and chills with ice-lanced fangs as nothing else does. All the dogs suffered badly from the conditions. But a little pointer bitch weathered it all, working merrily over her long course in water, in sedge, in blackberry as though she relished it more than anything else. She beat her closest competitor because she had the fighting heart and refused to believe that any trying conditions, no matter how severe, could affect her work. While after the first half hour the big setter she was pitted

Scene at Atlanta Gun Club where Atlanta sportsmen keep their bird dogs during the summer months.

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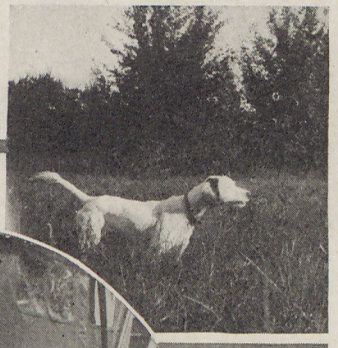
against began to flag and to show the effects of the ruthless punishment and soon suffered enough in his work to lose. He did not have the heart the little girl had, though she would not have weighed an ounce over thirty-five pounds.

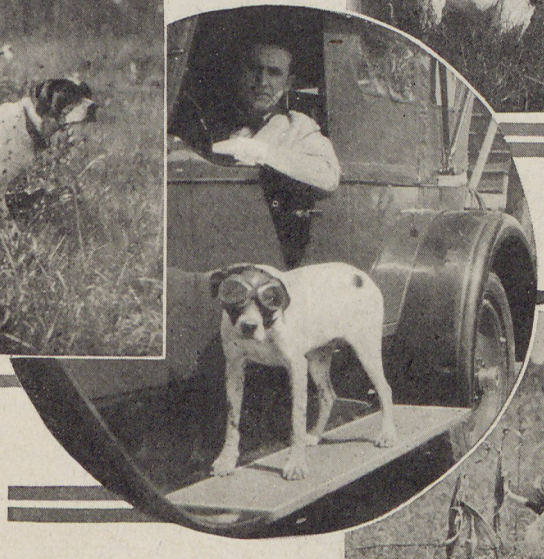
Reverse conditions often prevail—as when an undersized delicate-looking setter made a big pointer look foolish, so far as courage, endurance and general efficiency were concerned.

You can never estimate a thing about the small, timid, undersized pointer or setter. Some of these little chaps are gluttons for work. The instant they are put down in the quail country they bristle with energy and show up many dogs that are better equipped by Nature to stand the gruelling than they. Just a few days ago while shooting quail in the mountain country of the South, most of the corn fields in the valleys due to constant flooding by the stream had a surpassing crop of cockle burrs. One of our party laughed at first at a young setter, a son of Speed Ben, who for a while would do no work among them. The suffering of the dog among these pests was noticeable. He would make a cast, then roll over, endeavoring his utmost to get rid of the burrs. He was a dog of small size and for the first hour the big pointer, his working mate, received all the praise of the party. But the little setter had the right heart. Suddenly, as though inspired, he tore into his tormentors and kept right on going until sunset, outfinding the big dog in every way, though when cared for in the evening the chafing he had been subjected to all day by the burrs would have turned many a hardier looking dog. Not a moment after that did he flinch during the entire trip, because he had the fighting spirit to carry on.

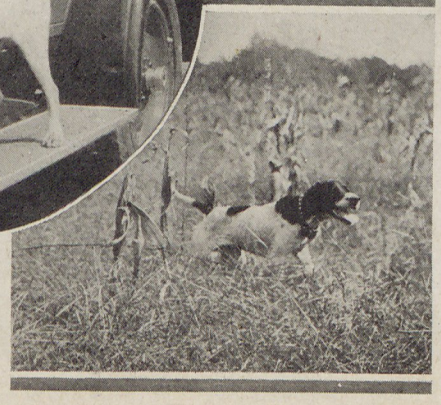
Ty Cobb with his famous setter, Hall, and Bill Sanford with his famous pointer, Sport, stop to rest while bird hunting.

Scott's King.





Dr. John Cromwell.



Hagg's Sport.

Watch the fighting spirit in dogs before you make your selection. It is the most vital thing for a field dog, whether pointer or setter, to possess. It is as important as nose and bird sense, and the greatest physical qualities will lack functioning if they have not it as their incentive. The reason so many sportsmen select dubs among youngsters they desire for quail and grouse shooting later is because they permit conformation to guide them in their selection. Physical beauty appeals to them most. They can't be made to understand that it has very little to do with a bird finding and hunting ability. Beauty and perfect conformation of the right kind is desirable, but it means nothing in field qualities. While a fine head, the perfect muzzle and everything else according to accepted standards of a breed are just right they in no manner forecast field ability. So many sportsmen fail to get good dogs because they lay more stress on this than whether the parents were bird finders, full of fighting heart, and were able to perpetuate it in their progeny. That an ill-formed nose can many times outfind one of the best type and beauty in field dogs is very often proven. Dogs

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Bird Lore

by Bob Becker

IN view of the way in which bird photographs have arrived at our desk during the past few weeks we certainly won't be able to announce any winner in the Prize Photograph Contest for several months. So many photos have come in that it will take one or two more "shows" to give you all the pictures. How do you like 'em? They sure look good to us and the letters that accompany the pictures are as interesting as the "portraits," as they show that scattered throughout this United States are a bunch of bird lovers who are doing a whole lot for our feathered friends. More power to 'em!!

Honestly, we have so many interesting pictures on hand right now that we could blame near fill the magazine. Walt Hastings sent us a dandy bunch of photos showing the different kinds of bird feeding stations he has near his home. Included in the batch is one of a pair of prairie chickens feeding, which is a dandy. Going to show it to you later on. Speakin' of feeding stations, this is the time of the year to keep 'em well stocked. Put out the seeds and suet for your bird "cafeteria."

And now Ohio comes to bat with entries in the Contest. On November fifth we received a dandy long letter from Ernst Keil of Dayton and three pictures which are shown in this issue. E. K. is a real bird fan. He has written us a mighty interesting letter about his bird study work. Here it is. We are going to share it with you.

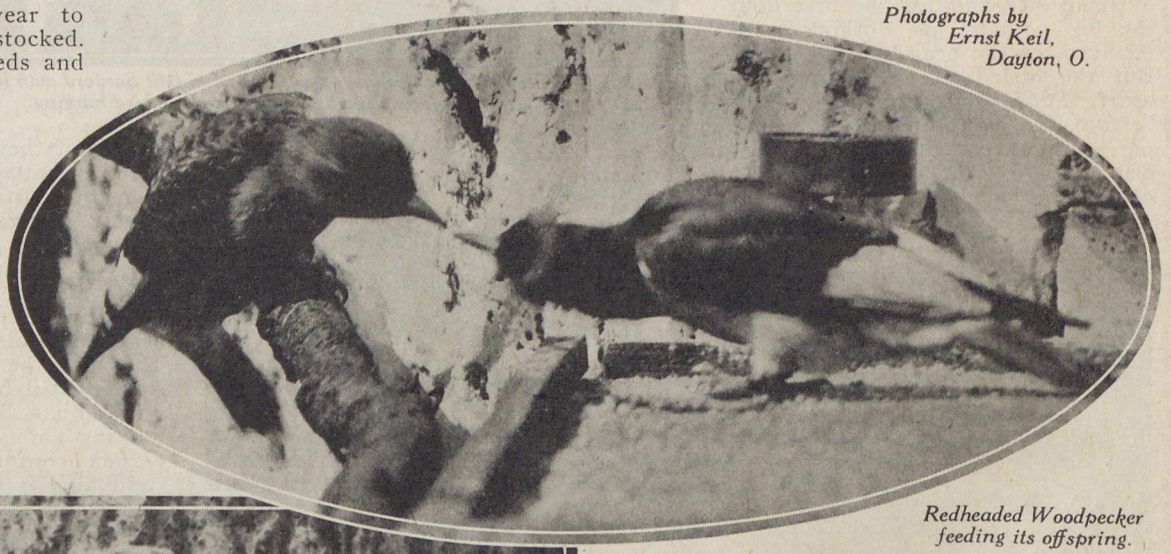
Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Bob:

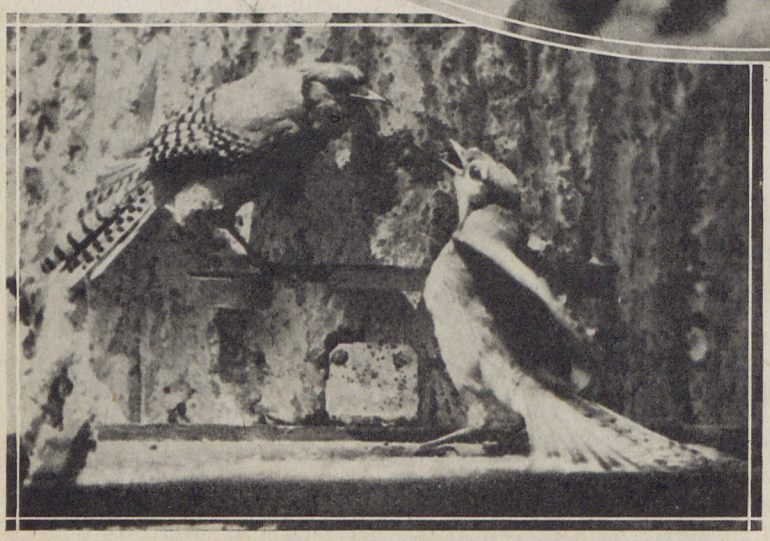
Addressing you thus may seem a bit familiar, but as everybody in the I. W. L. A. does so I thought I too might take a chance. Enclosed I am sending three pictures for the Bird-Picture Prize Contest.

Nick—friend wife—and I are "outdoor-bugs," although the only kind of "shooting" we indulge in is done with a camera. Our little cottage, THE WREN HOUSE, is located on the outskirts of Dayton, large beautiful trees surrounding us on all sides. For years we have had a mess table for birds, not only during the winter, but all year round, and the little feathered and furred denizens of fields and wooded hill who have taken advantage of our hospitality are legion. Say, Bob, I wish you could be here on a morning around 8 o'clock when Nick goes out with a large plate full of scratch feed, bread, cracker crumbs and all sorts of leavings from the table. "Come on," is her daily call and before she can repeat it a second time the chorus begins. Harry, a handsome Blue Jay brave, who has been with us for a number of years even during the winter, is usually the first one to answer and his joy over the approaching "chow" is only exceeded by his hilarious jaying. If you know what a healthy Blue Jay can express by way of just "hollering," you can imagine what follows after. Harry has given the signal that the table is set, and about a dozen more of his tribe announce their coming. A pair of Redheaded Woodpeckers, who have a home in a dead tree nearby, come rolling their drums;

Photographs by Ernst Keil, Dayton, O.



Redheaded Woodpecker feeding its offspring.



Two Blue Jays engaged in a heated argument over some choice bits of food.

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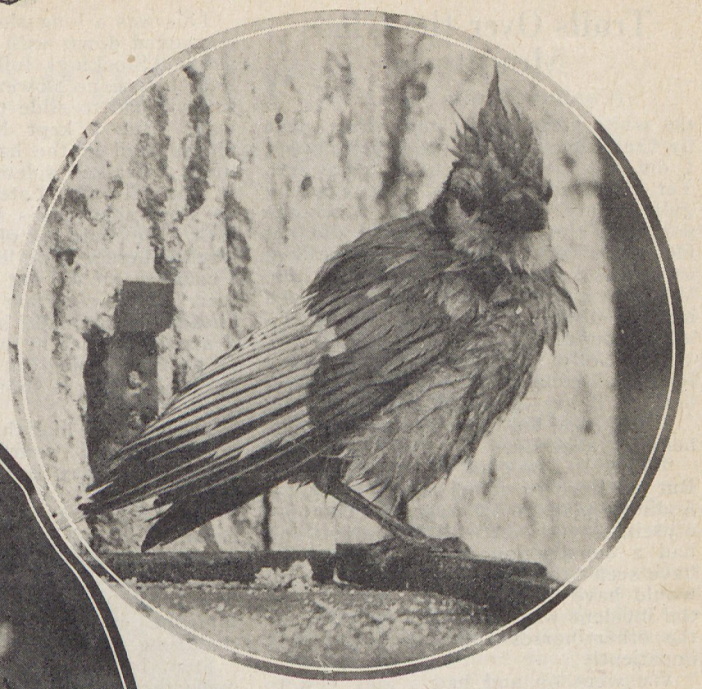
here a flash of red and Mr. Cardinal himself appears, the Brown Thrasher and the rest follow quickly. In an incredibly short time the mess table has its full complement of boarders and the chattering and squabbling that accompanies the banquet is worth witnessing.

Photography, especially wild life photography, is a rather new undertaking with us. We took the first bird pictures about two years ago, so you see our experience as reckoned in time is somewhat short, but we make up for that lack in enthusiasm. A friend had a postal card size Kodak that, according to his own statement, was missing on all cylinders, and he gladly turned the thing over to me when I asked him to let me try it.

After the instrument had undergone a thorough cleaning a few trial shots were taken and turned out "not so bad." As the birds around our home are rather sociable, Nick suggested to try for a Blue Jay portrait. Accordingly the camera was placed on a step-ladder, focused on the mess table and a thin thread, attached to the shutter release lever, was strung to the porch about twenty-five feet away. The Jays used a goodly number of "grown-up cuss words" when they discovered the outfit, but that didn't last very long. The rest of the feathered tribe took quite friendly to the camera; only a pair of Wrens who had a nest in a bird box on the porch were rather agitated over the new contrivance and Jenny Wren, fickle little dame, was strongly inclined to abandon her snug home in the bird box and take up quarters in that shiny thing on the step-ladder. She could never quite understand why in thunder there was no opening to get inside, and she lost her temper more than once when she tried, in vain, to make her way through the lens.

(Continued on page 323)



A Blue Jay just out of the bath.
Photo by Ernst Keil.

Photograph by R. S. Churchill.

Any mail today? Mrs. Wren nesting in a mail box.

Photo by R. S. Churchill

Robin feeding its young.

Trails Over the Glass Mountains

(Continued from page 270)

the white nicks in the hard stone made by the iron shoes of the other horses. I did not look up or to right or left. Yet I seemed to see that deep yawning gulf at my side. I heard Stockings pounding close at my heels. I did not feel any strain on the bridle. I walked as fast as I could to keep ahead of him. What an endless time before I bumped into Wetherill and found myself on level ground!

"By Golly! that was a close shave for him," exclaimed the trader, with relief. "I'll say he acted fine."

"Stockings did not want to be left behind," said Lee.

"Whew! I'm glad that's past. . . . . But we have to come back!" I replied, finding a place to sit down and compose myself. I was wet with cold sweat and had a constriction in my throat. To have seen Stockings slide over that cliff would have been terrible. As for him, the incident was past. He whistled for the other horses and pawed the rock impatiently.

We went on and had a long respite from chills up our backs until we came to the descent on the far side of the glass mountains. This I knew would be an ordeal. The slope was steep and smooth, almost as polished as marble. Wetherill had cut nicks in the rock in the zigzag trail that led down. We watched the pack-mules start down with the Indian in the lead. In a few moments they were out of sight.

"I'll lead with Sarch," said Lee to me. "You come next, with Nig behind. That'll steady Stockings. I'm shore glad Mary Mullen is down."

We started about fifty feet apart. To my mind, in view of the years of experience I have had since my first passage over these mountains, no fine and spirited horse should ever be put to such trails, unless on a mission of vital importance. I was thrilled and ashamed at once.

This was a long slope that had to be zigzagged down with neither haste nor pause. Stockings followed me precisely as before, no slower nor faster. Sometimes I had to slide to keep out of his way. But I kept his hoofs on the nicked trail in the hard rocks. Sometimes I walked sidewise, looking back at him. He would step so that only the up slope side of his shoes touched the rock. He could not place his hoofs on a level. There was no level. But so far as I could see he did not show the slightest fear. I grew certain that my walking ahead of him made him feel safe. As a matter of fact he was in great peril. If he had slipped as before he would have slid half a thousand feet to his death.

Experiences like this prove what intelligence and courage horses have. Like dogs they are the friends and helpers of man. If I had not treasured White Stockings before this time I certainly would have done so now. He might just as well have balked on that treacherous slope. But because I bade him follow and talked to him and led him, he came willingly, eagerly, for that time at least, dependent upon me.

Step by step, close together, we made the long crooked descent without a single slip. When I edged off the last steep slant of rock I was surprised to find all the others waiting for me. R. C. with Nig had made a boulevard of that descent. They had passed me without my knowing.

"Fine and dandy," declared Wetherill, in hearty relief. "Shore they're some horses! It's much safer going home, because the bad places are mostly up hill."

R. C. had evidently been stirred by this successful and thrilling conquest of the range of slippery hills.

"Lead me to your Wild Horse Mesa," he said, dauntlessly. "I'll ride Nig up that."

Wiborn looked around for the mule which had deserted him.

"You long-eared ass of antiquity!" he retorted. "You put one over on me, huh? Well, I was tickled to death to lose you. And I got here first!"

After a rest we mounted and rode on, happy that the danger to horses was past for the present, and glad once more to be free to look ahead at the winding cedared valley and up at the lofty walls. We were to camp in Surprise Valley, that wonderful canyoned maze. And as we worked down deeper the air grew warm and still, the colored walls lifted higher. Indian primrose and paint-brush bloomed under the cedars. Running water made music under the silent walls. Sunset was gilding the towering crags when we climbed to the one portal of Surprise Valley and gazed down into this marvelous niche of solitude and beauty. Wind-sculptured towering walls of red and gold! And far above them, and far away, loomed Wild Horse Mesa, shrouded in the lilac haze of sunset, calling me, bidding me sometime to surmount it. In this strange desert country there was always a larger experience. Not enough had been conquest of the Piute Trail and the Mountains of Glass! Wild Horse Mesa presented a sterner obstacle. To toil, to endure, to seek, to find, and not to yield—that was the lesson of the desert.

The Question Box

Editor, Outdoor America:

Dr. Robert Ridgeway in his interesting paper, "The Bobwhite as a Valuable Ally," in your November issue, says:—

"Before the advent of the white man on this continent, quail were many times more numerous and just as vigorous as at the present time."

In making so positive a statement Mr. Ridgeway must have been sure of his ground, but some of us not so well informed would like Mr. Ridgeway to name the authority upon which he bases this statement.

What records do we possess that show quail were "more numerous before the advent of the white man?"

T. A.

The New Edition of Dr. Henshall's

The Book of the Black Bass

IS NOW OFF THE PRESS

550 Pages and many colored plates—$4.50, postpaid

THIS great book has made more angling history than any volume devoted to inland fishing ever published. It is invaluable to every angler and it seems incredible that every American angler has not a well thumbed copy on his shelf of angling volumes.

The Book of the Black Bass is tremendously interesting and I whole-heartedly advise every fisherman to buy a copy and to buy it NOW. It is a book to be read over and over again and personally I would not trade my copy for a hundred dollars if I could not buy another for four dollars and fifty cents. —*Will H. Dilg*

Published by the Stewart-Kidd Co., Cincinnati

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS, by James A. Henshall, M. D., new, thoroughly revised and enlarged edition; with portrait, many illustrations, in black and white, and two colored plates of flies; green cloth, jacket cover in colors, 548 pages. Stewart Kidd, Publishers. Price $4.50.

At last the **Book of the Black Bass** appears in a garb appropriate to its contents. Dr. Henshall deserves the thanks of every bass fisherman for the service he has rendered the fraternity in the Indian Summer of his days, by modernizing what has long been the standard authority upon the subject. The new edition in its handsome dress and smart cover will be welcomed by the angler as an ornament to his library and an invaluable compend of all he may expect to learn of the black bass and how and when to angle for him.

Part I consists of the first 148 pages and relates mainly to the scientific history of the Black Bass, nomenclature and morphology, general and specific features, coloration, geographical distribution, food and growth, spawning, hibernation, sense of sight, smell and hearing, followed by a chapter upon the stocking of waters.

It may not generally be known that Dr. Henshall was probably the first to "propagate black bass in domestication." The black bass cannot be artificially propagated by stripping the spawn and impregnating it, as with trout, salmon and other fishes. According to our author, the young grow rapidly, reaching a length of four inches in a few months after hatching. At two years of age they will be found twelve inches in length, weighing a pound or more, and will grow nearly or quite a pound a year thereafter until they attain their maximum weight, the small mouth four or five pounds and the large mouth from six to eight.

Regarding the sense of sight he says: "Anyone who has seen a black bass dart like an arrow and seize a minnow swimming quietly thirty feet away, must admit his visual powers are sufficient for all practical purposes." Therefore when you go with the fly for Mr. Bass, remember Mr. Cotton's advice to "fish fine and far off."

In part II, which treats of Tools, Tackle and Implements, he gives a portrait of Samuel Phillippe of Easton, Pa., the inventor of the six-strip split bamboo and adduces much evidence in support of Mr. Phillippe's claims.

The maker of the first "Kentucky" multiplying reel is given as George Snyder of Paris, Ky.—and the date 1805. He says: "Black bass fishing, as an art, had its origin on the historic soil of Kentucky in that particular portion known as 'God's own country,' the blue-grass section, renowned for skilled anglers who fished the then famous streams of the Kentucky River, the Elkhorn, Licking, Stoner and other adjacent waters.

"Many of these anglers were among the best and brightest, and most intelligent and cultivated men of that period who adorned the several professions or were the lordly proprietors of vast domains of perennial green."

While the Bourbon County Angling Club, organized in 1810 was "before my time," I well remember seeing in my early boyhood days the towering forms of some of the later members mentioned by our author, Brutus J. and Cassius M. Clay—and it was from the purling waters of the classic Stoner under the precipitous "slope wall" at Paris, Kentucky, that as barefoot boy I took my first black bass with cane pole, seagrass line and "peeler craw." Let us draw the veil. "Them days is gone forever," but the memory remains.

Although the radio upon my desk is mute, the air quavers faintly with elusive strains of old time melodies, the thrumming of banjos and heart moving plantation songs, through which, "like the throbbing of a single string" persists the plaintive long drawn notes, "My o-l-d Ken-tuck-y Home f-a-r a-way."

In the chapter on fishing lines there is no mention of the "Halford," which some of us think just a little better than anything braided this side the Herring Pond, although it is true, as our author says, that the British borrowed the idea of the heavy casting line from their transatlantic cousins, and in the "knotty" problems, the barrel or "California" knot for tying leaders is lacking. With these minor exceptions, the book is modern and up-to-date.

In flies the author inclines to the hackle patterns tied on Sproat or O'Shaunessy hooks, and there is a fine colored plate of eleven floating bugs and feather minnows from patterns tied by that Master of the Art, Fred N. Peet of Chicago. The three little Wilder-Dilg lures at the foot of the page are so absolutely "lifelike" as to be uncanny.

The chapter upon the Philosophy of Angling is a sermon which should be broadcasted everywhere:

"It is the opportunity that angling affords for a realization and enjoyment of nature's resources with the subsequent compensation of renewed health and strength. The angler enjoys in a sub-conscious way the beauties of Nature surrounding and investing him. The voices of the stream are ever in his ears—the lapping and purling of the water on the riffles. He is alive to the songs of the birds, the hum of insects and the whispering of the leaves. Mother Nature is equally kind to all who seek her solitudes."

The chapter on "Conditions which Govern Biting" is alone worth the price of the book to the angler who wants to know **how, why** and **when**—and the summing up seems to account for a good many mysteries connected with the game.

"The hypothesis, that game fishes feed mostly at night and rest or sleep by day, and that it is only the few that failed to fully satisfy their appetites the night before that are apt to respond to the wiles of the angler, is quite a reasonable one, that will account for much of the angler's 'bad luck.'"

"The black bass is plucky, game, brave, and unyielding to the last when hooked. He has the arrowy rush and vigor of the trout, the untiring strength and bold leap of the Salmon, while he has a system of fighting tactics, peculiarly his own."

"The black bass is more advanced in the scheme of evolution, and exhibits traits of a higher organization than either the salmon or the trout."

"I consider him inch for inch, and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

In his concluding remarks the Doctor says:

"Always kill your fish as soon as taken from the water; and ever be satisfied with a moderate creel. By so doing your angling days will be happy and your sleep undisturbed."

"In the first edition of the Book of the Black Bass issued just forty years ago, I used the following parting words, which, at my present age of eighty-seven years, I deem as fitting and pertinent as when first written:

"I feel like one who is making his last cast on a favorite pool that he will see no more forever. A pool that is endeared to him by the fondest associations. A pool whose every ripple is a smile, whose every changing mood is a look of gladness and delight, and whose steadily flowing current seems to beckon him to follow to

'The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns.'"

Forty years after this solemn farewell the author with memory unimpaired and pen as facile as in days of yore, rewrites his book, which his publisher rejuvenates with new type, paper and binding good for another forty years at least. How beautiful it would be if the Maker of the Book of Life should, in his infinite goodness, rejuvenate **the author** so that he might with unimpaired faculties continue indefinitely his long life of usefulness.

With this closing thought let me repeat a sentiment given on his 86th birthday. "A health to the Silver Doctor. May his purse keep pace with his heart and may he live a thousand years."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

WHY not make it a New Year's resolution, brothers, to win one of the prizes given in this contest? Your choice of any rod or any reel made in America are prizes not to be sneezed at by even the best equipped of fishermen. In fact a fisherman is a good deal like a woman in that he never seems to have enough rods even as she never seems to have enough hats.

The third prize is a hand-made leather fly rod case, without doubt one of the very finest I have ever seen, made and presented to the contest by George Goetz whose work of this sort cannot be beaten, as I know from my own experience.

The fourth and fifth prizes will be your favorite fishing books autographed by your favorite authors, so there is no doubt at all about the worth of the prizes.

Now the question is for you to make an extra effort to write and send in your story. You know, my brothers, this is your magazine. It isn't just a magazine which I am editing for you to read, but it is **OUR** magazine published by the League to help it in its fight to fulfill for us all our pledge—"To Do Our Best To Restore For Posterity The Outdoor America of Our Ancestors."

Every time a man opens this magazine and happens to run across a story which he likes and reads with interest, the magazine has gained another friend and reader. In truth Outdoor America is the friendliest magazine in the world and here at headquarters we do our best to make it deserve the title. It may be your particular story that some one picks up and reads and thereupon sends in a subscription either for himself or for his fishing pal, and then you will have helped this cause just that much.

I want to make a personal appeal to you, brother Anglers, to help me make this department a real success this New Year. It should be one of the livest departments in the whole magazine and it will be if each and everyone of you will help. Don't wait until you see if "So and So" has sent in a story and don't think that you can't write one just as good as "So and So," but get busy and write one yourself and send it in to me. All you've got to do is to let your mind become flooded with those precious memories which we fishermen all have. It is a pet ambition of mine to make these pages of Angling Memories a big success. This I cannot do without your helping me. I am, as many of you know, simply overwhelmed with work which I must do for the League, so I need your help in this department. I hope with all my heart that you will give me this help and at the beginning of this New Year I want to wish you all "Tight Lines" and "Fisherman's Luck."

Will H. Dilg.

An Outdoor Cure

Anonymous

THIS is the story of an Oswego that got away and of its effect on one who had been burdened more heavily than usually falls to the lot of man; it is a story of a big bass' influence in leading to the lakes and to the streams, to the woods and to the fields, one who had suffered.

This is an intimate recital; and because it is so, the writer prefers to remain anonymous to all excepting the editor. But the story should be told if for no other reason than that it might bring out of the depths of despair those who suffer from the ills of mankind; to those who are shut-in, it brings a message, too; a message from one who broke the chains that bound him and gave him health, pleasure and peace of mind!

That's what MY Oswego did.

It was this fish that introduced me to Mother Nature and it was while I sought my fish again that I learned to marvel at God's handiwork.

Hour after hour have I sat and watched the red-wing blackbird feed its young; time after time have I seen the male circle my boat, within arm's reach and tempting me to follow, in an effort to lead me to follow and take the boat away from where it was drifting, away from the motherbird and the young that were hidden in the nest along the rushes at water's edge.

And poor Phoebe! What a song she sings at dawning—right from the bottom of her little heart seems to come the message that all's right with the world. Is there anything prettier that flies than the dainty oriole? Robin Red Breast; hasn't he a pleasing, rippling, tuneful melody? Can any landscape be complete without the presence of a flock of crows and the sound of their "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

It was My Oswego that taught me to use my eyes; he was my mentor even while I sought him.

In the early days of spring when My bass is listening to the song that is being sung by the new Mrs. Bass, I've strolled through the woods and come upon Mrs. Partridge sitting atop of her eggs.

There was no whir-r-r-r that greets the gunners in the fall as the partridge rises before them; instead, there stood Mrs. Partridge, with feathers ruffled, ready to give battle.

As I look back to those days before my introduction to MY bass, I am moved, I wonder how I ever existed!

Today there is an ever-increasing desire for the out-o'-doors and when the snow of winter has gone and the streams are in condition, I've put on the waders, taken a light rod in hand and the hunt for the wily trout was begun. Mile after mile have I walked in these avenues of the woods, happy to be privileged to tangle my lines among the olden and the pussywillow that lined the edges until old Mr. Game Warden says that I may serve another choice portion of plugs to MY friend, the Oswego.

It's a lot that I owe this fish, you'll agree.

Confinement in bed for a year is no pleasure, neither are tortures that greet one on arising each morning for the second twelve months thereafter. A weakened and curved spine that marked one as being different from the rest of humanity was not conducive of tripping the light fantastic.

Rather, I became a bookworm and my idea of a real vacation was a couple of couches and easy chairs and a library.

My idea of nothing to do at all was to go drowning a couple of poor defenseless worms! Hundreds of invitations to "come along" had I turned down. I would have none of that.

But I fell! A woman proved my undoing! I was the guest of Captain Jimmy and his "Misses" and accepted their invitation to ride around the lake! The Captain was a fisherman from "away back" while the "Misses," if she didn't know how to handle a rod, she knew full well the perfect art of furnishing the motor power for a row boat.

We were out but a moment before I became interested; my host was fishing a most unusual way. There were no worms on his hook; instead, he was throwing about a block of painted wood! The more I watched the more I became convinced that this was art.

And I saw excitement, too!

After one of the casts an inland submarine arose, kicked up as big a disturbance as an east wind raises on Lake Champlain, and finally, after an extended struggle the bronze beauty lay on the bottom of the boat exhausted.

How I admired that fighter!

I was thrilled with the battle and must have shown it, for up spoke the Captain:

"Try it, Bill," he said, "see what you can do."

That was the planting of the seed that changed the course of my life.

It was right here that I met the acquaintance of MY Oswego. To this day I've often wondered why I didn't throw pole, line and reel into the water along with the pole. But Providence must have been watching; the Father of us all must have wanted to give me another incentive to live, for as that bit of wood struck the water, fifteen or twenty feet away, MY fish arose, butted the plug into the air, did a loop-the-loop, tail spin, nose dive—and he was gone!

I've caught many fish since that day, but I am not satisfied, I want to see MY Oswego again.

"When I bring him to boat, will I mount him?" you ask.

Not MY bass! I'll remove the hook, and with moistened hands, gently slip him back into aqua pura.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Snag?—Muskie?—Pike?—Or

By FRED C. COSMAN, JR.

SAND LAKE, Lac Du Flambeau, Wisconsin and the surrounding lakes are fishing memories in themselves, but there is one detailed memory concerning Sand Lake that will keep them all fresh, yes, very fresh in my mind.

My fishing pal and I had been on a canoe and camping trip over all that section of country included in the Flambeau Indian Reservation. His allotted time with me was up so he left for Chicago. I had a couple more weeks to while away at fishing so went to stay with my parents in their cottage on Sand Lake.

At the entrance of Little Sand Lake there was one exceptionally fine pike hole that my boy friend and I had visited time and time again, always getting a nice mess of fine pike. I offered to take my parents and a friend to the hole. My parents followed in a rowboat equipped with an Evinrude motor while my friend and I led the way in my canoe.

After an hour or so of trying to locate our always present pike with poor success, my parents and friend started chiding me about my would-be pike hole. It was dusk and so we decided to start for home, and without a single pike. My parents had already gotten under way but I decided to troll over the hole once more. We had no more than gotten over the hole when my pole was almost jerked from my hands. I looked over the side of the boat and saw a large log running under the water towards the spot where my hook was supposedly snagged. I ordered my partner to back the canoe up so that I might get unhooked from the log.

As we backed up my line came to life and headed for the middle of the pool. I had out only a small amount of line and soon had the fish up where I got a glance at it under the water. It looked immense and I yelled, "MUSKIE." I guess the fish must have seen me at the same time, for it started right out for the log. By this time my parents had become interested and started back to where we were and out came the gaffs and nets. I applied all the tension that I dared, for it was but a short distance to that blooming obstructive log. The fish stopped a short distance from the log, came to the surface and thrashed the water into a foam.

The form of the fish then changed from a muskie to pike (wall eye) amidst the thrashing and foam, and my next exclamation of excitement was that it was an enormous pike. I can't remember just how the battle proceeded from then on as I was too busy, but the fish stayed on and finally fought its last, turned over and came to the boat. Just as the net was placed over his beautiful body, he made one futile attempt to escape, but was too late as he was already enmeshed in the net. He had fought bravely and had given me the fight of my life.

It was so dark that it was not until we had gotten the fish in the boat that we discovered our snag-muskie-pike was a fine bass. We reached home and my bass weighed four and a quarter pounds and was one of the most beautiful small-mouth bass I have ever seen. The water in this lake is very cold and clear and all of the bass put up an excellent fight, but this fight was better than any I have ever had. The bass was exceptionally long, slender and wonderfully colored.

My pike hole might have been a failure as far as pike were concerned on this particular trip, but who would worry about a little chiding for a fish like that? Anyway, my parents went back and fished that same hole more than once before they left there that season.

Salt Pork, Fish and Scenery

By ROYDEN E. TULL

A FISHERMAN is a peculiarly constituted animal. If he be a real fisherman no other occupation can give a tithe or tittle of the pleasure he derives from fishing: the catching of fish being a secondary matter.

Now Doc is a genuine angler. By that I do not mean that he is eminently skilful nor that he is usually successful in the taking of fish, but that he fishes in season and out, so far as the demands of his position will permit. Even so the loss of a good fish will cause a flow of language that no other disaster will evoke. For example: take that day at Curtain Falls—but that is the story, if there is a story.

For days we had been following the historic trans-continental water route made famous by MacKenzie, "The North-West Fur Company," and "The Worshipful Company of Traders into Hudson's Bay." But did he enthuse over the Indian paintings and the landmarks famous in the conquering of a continent? He did not. He fished.

One can hardly blame him at that; we all fished, for never had any of us seen just such fishing. About all that was necessary was to put any kind of bait into the water and in a few minutes there was a battle on.

Doc, however, tried to follow the advice of Montaigne that "The pleasures we design an esteem for during the course of our lives, ought to have a greater share of our time devoted to it." Not for him was the luxury of a late morning snooze on the downy bed of fragrant fir boughs: not for him to waste his time in the effort to trace the paths trod by the moccasins of the Couriers du Bois; not for him; he fished!

The country between Grand Portage and "Lac du Bois" is one of marvelous beauty. Waterfall and cataract rapids and smoothly flowing stream; bold bluffs of vari-coloured stone; virgin forests and stretches of level marshland vary the prospect and give refuge to waterfowl, moose, deer, beaver, and other wild folk found only where wilderness is king. The quiet stretches of water are set with the gem-like water lily whose pure white blossoms glisten in the sun with a radiance reminiscent of altar vestments, while swamp, and hill, and glade yield a profusion of cranberries, blueberries and raspberries. Surely a setting to lead one to thoughts of his Creator and of one's own infinitesimal niche in the scheme of the Universe. **But Doc fished!**

As I told you before, any bait was effective, but Doc refused to use anything but the spoon-Red Ibis-pork rind combination. In the face of our success—when we took time to fish—he insisted that more and larger fish fell to his pet bait. He cited his own catches in comparison to ours and refused to permit the argument that he devoted more time "in the pursuit of the angle" than all the others combined. What time he had to refrain from his obsession he spent mussing up our fast diminishing and highly cherished store of salt pork. What, I ask you, is a camping trip without beans? And what are beans without salt pork?

We did have to admit, though, that Doc caught fish, and we ate them until we imagined that we could feel scales growing on different parts of our bodies. I am sure that after the first ten days I swam as never before.

In the natural course of events we came to Curtain Falls. Now Curtain Falls, while not as high as many of the famed cascades of the country, is exceedingly beautiful. Our only regret was that we could not spend more time in the enjoyment of its many delights. But our vacation time was fast drawing to a close and we had quite a distance yet to travel before we could strike transportation, so we prepared to move on. When we at last tore ourselves away from our rapt contemplation of the grandeur and charm of this gem of the Northern wilderness, Doc was not with us. We had neglected to keep track of him, for we were sure that even **he** would be happy to devote the little time we had to the beauty of this spot. But No! **HE FISHED!**

Truly, it was a little difficult to criticise the man, even under those circumstances, for the rapids below the fall were ideal, from a fisherman's standpoint, if any place ever was. His bait was the usual combination but as he cast we noticed that the pork rind was unusually large. He told us afterward that he cut it in a hurry, for he knew that we would be going in a few minutes and he could not resist the temptation to wet a line in this fishy looking spot. He was ever hoping to get a record fish.

As we approached he had a strike—a whale of a fish as it rose in the air in a spectacular leap—and Doc emitted a whoop of joy. The battle proceeded for some time with every evidence of success for the angler. The pike, exhausted, was drawn slowly in. When he was within about ten feet of the bank, plainly visible in the clear water, he rolled over on his side; cocked a knowing eye at us, let the bait drop out of his mouth, and floated away in the current. The pork rind was so large that when he struck he missed the hook entirely but, with the bulldog determination for which these fish are noted, he had held on until he realized his danger.

For the balance of the trip Doc allowed the rest of us to catch the fish for our meals, muttering strange incantations the while.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Brief News of the Chapters of the

Edited by M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary, I. W. L. A.

A ROUSING enthusiastic determination to fight for "Wisconsin the wonderland" was expressed by delegates at the first annual convention of the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, held December 7 at Fond du Lac.

There was little of "resolutin'" and lots of action. It was a convention that demonstrated to all who were not deaf, dumb and blind that Wisconsin was in action and that there was a proper realization that old methods having failed it was up to the Izaak Walton League to accomplish that which was in the minds of all.

O. W. Smith, a "Badger born and bred," "Outdoor" Smith, the beloved writer, preacher and man of nature, told it to them.

Bill Dilg told it to them. And Bill Dilg (he doesn't know this is being written) made the "fightingest" talk of his life.

Everything considered, it was a fighting convention and the men and the women are entirely ready to fight with no quarter asked and no quarter given for the wild things and the wild places and the wild inhabitants thereof forever and a day.

Two things stood out with particular prominence at this convention. First the Horicon Marsh matter came up. It was understood very thoroughly that for many years outsiders did not worry much about the Horicon Marsh, but when the Izaak Walton League took it up there proceeded to come from "followers" a desire to help save that which needed help long ago. Louis Radke and A. W. Lueck told 'em about it and this resolution was adopted, unanimously and with roaring cheers:

The Tippecanoe which the Indiana chapters are striving manfully to save from proposed dredging

Whereas Horicon Marsh in Dodge county, Wisconsin, consisting of 40,000 acres, was but a few years ago one of the greatest refuges for wild life in the entire northwest, and

Whereas drainage of this vast area has been attempted with barren results and adding nothing of agricultural values, and

Whereas this drainage project has reduced the marsh to a desolate waste and has destroyed its natural beauty and it is now shunned as a pestilence by wild life of every description,

Therefore, be it resolved, by the Izaak Walton League of America, through its chapters in Wisconsin this day assembled, that we stand unqualifiedly for restoration of Horicon Marsh to a condition where birds and fish and little four-legged animals may find for themselves a permanent sanctuary and be saved for themselves and for the recreation of the American boy and girl.

The Public Shooting Grounds bill was given a great deal of attention and at the suggestion of Mr. Dilg, A. W. Lueck prepared the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas the so-called Public Shooting Grounds bill now pending before congress places the entire burden of purchasing or leasing of shooting grounds and fish refuges and of maintaining same solely upon sportsmen of this country with no expense to the public, and

Whereas there is crying need to conserve for all time these places of the wild to set them aside for the boys and girls of today and tomorrow, so that extinction of our fish and game birds and our song birds and animals of the woods and marshes shall not come to pass,

Be it therefore resolved by the Wisconsin division of the Izaak Walton League of America that we urge men and women of our nation and our representatives in Congress to unitedly support this bill to the end that there be saved to all America the lakes, woods and other wild places of our great out-of-doors.

Officers were elected as follows:

President—Judge Henry M. Graass, Green Bay, Wis.

First V. P.—Sherman Brown, Milwaukee.

Second V. P.—O. W. Smith, Evansville.

Third V. P.—A. W. Lueck, Beaver Dam.

Secretary—Jack McCready, Fond du Lac.

Treasurer—Louis Radke, Horicon.

The night session followed a very splendid banquet in Ar-

IT'S TIME TO THINK OF CONVENTIONS

ALL chapters are urgently advised to give early consideration to the matter of providing ways and means of sending representatives to the national convention next April and to the various state conventions.

It is extremely important that every chapter in the League be represented at the national convention, not only by the delegates and alternates but by as many members as possible. The discussions and addresses send the men back to their homes satisfied in every detail that the Izaak Walton League must have the entire support of every right thinking man and woman in their community.

It is realized that for many chapters situated far from Chicago the trip will prove a source of considerable expense and that many men cannot take time from their business, profession or trade to make the journey. Early consideration of all of these matters will make it possible for a method to be devised and funds raised for the expenses of these delegates.

A number of state conventions will be held during the winter and of course vital importance must be attached to these gatherings.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Izaak Walton League of America

mory E. At this evening meeting Judge Henry Graass acted as toastmaster and added more to his laurels, if possible. O. W. Smith was the first speaker and his address was in brief a demand for action and a declaration that action could be given by the League. He contrasted the work of Wisconsin's "Conservation Wardens" with that of Pennsylvania's state troopers and Wisconsin suffered by the comparison. He also said a little about the Wisconsin legislature. It was a great address, full to overflowing with FIGHT.

Mrs. Ella K. Werner of Oshkosh, splendid speaker, eloquent to a superlative degree and inspired with the love of the woods and waters and the wild feathered, finned and furred creatures, took as her theme Patriotism and if a more marvelous interpretation could be given of Harold Bell Wright's famous essay in Outdoor America we never expect to hear it.

Will H. Dilg gave perhaps the shortest address of his career, but it was "fight, fight, fight," and that was the spirit of Wisconsin's sportsmen and sportswomen gathered at the convention.

E. R. Jones, Commissioner of Agriculture for Wisconsin, was the last speaker and discussed drainage and agricultural problems and the doings of the department of which he is the head.

The famous Nipigon pictures, taken by the Milwaukee chapter, wound up a day which made history in Wisconsin. Thirteen new chapters were added to the Wisconsin list as a direct result of the convention.

Here is a part of the Prairie du Chien, Wis., chapter at work rescuing game fish from winter smothering. About 13,000 pounds of sunfish, crappies, bass, pickerel and perch were taken from a lake and dumped into the Mississippi. Harry Craig, secretary, is on the extreme right with F. E. Holly, vice-president, in the middle. All in line belong to the chapter

* * *

MR. FRANK STICK, president of the **Asbury Park, N. J.,** chapter has sent in the following petition which he presented to the last meeting of the Asbury Park Fishing Club:

"Whereas, the problem of the abatement of the rapidly increasing pollution of fresh and salt waters is demanding nation-wide attention, and

"Whereas, the Secretary of Commerce in June, 1921, called into conference representatives of the Atlantic and Gulf States to consider this important question, and offering Federal aid in its solution, and

"Whereas, the Izaak Walton League of America, in cooperation with other organizations, has entered the field to labor for the removal of this cumulative menace to property, public health, fresh water fishes, shore seeking species of salt water fishes, marine bird life, and the portable water supply of the future.

"Therefore, be it Resolved, That the Asbury Park Fishing Club hereby endorses the program of The Izaak Walton League of America, involving Federal action to combat all forms of pollution in navigable waters and State action in inland waters, and

"Resolved, That the Asbury Park Fishing Club, with a membership of over 500 does hereby give hearty support to the bill to be introduced in the next Congress of the United States identical with Senate Bill No. 3968 introduced in the last session by Mr. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, and recently endorsed by the Izaak Walton League, and "Resolved, That a committee be appointed to obtain the concurrent action of the Association of Surf Angling Clubs and the New Jersey Fish and Game Conservation League.

MR. CHAS. A. COFFIN, president of the **Kewanee, Ill.,** chapter was badly bruised and cut recently when an automobile in which he was riding overturned while Dr. Coffin with Carl Queel and Joseph T. Miller were enroute to Bradford, where a meeting of the Hennepin chapter was being held.

THE **Washington, Mo.,** Chapter not only announces its intention to wage ruthless warfare on dynamiters of fish in Franklin county, but twenty-three members at a meeting of the chapter dug down in their pockets and put up $405 as a reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of such outlaws. A number of the members were not present at the meeting and the reward will be increased to $500 beyond a doubt. The Washington chapter also is particularly fortunate in having through the Washington Citizen a weekly column reporting activities of the League and containing information of value to the sportsmen. One of the editors of the Citizen is George Krumsick, the chapter's secretary.

* * *

THE first annual convention of the chapters of the Indiana division of the Izaak Walton League, held at Muncie, Nov. 21, brought out the fact that only the Indiana division can save from destruction the superbly beautiful little river, the Tippecanoe. Realizing that old methods had failed, that only by creation of public sentiment and the education of all the people as to the necessity of staying the ruthless hand of the dredger and the drainer the delegates from the Indiana chapters outlined ways and means of fighting the project which would destroy forever one of the beauty spots of the state of Indiana and of the whole middle west.

Back of the fight of the Indiana chapters stands the national organization of the Izaak Walton League and every possible effort will be made to preserve for America that stream which rightly belongs to America. Every chapter in the Indiana division will work earnestly and with complete co-operation to save the stream and the slogan of the division now is "Save the Tippecanoe."

The officers of the Indiana division are President, Dr. Karl T. Brown, Muncie; Vice President, Dr. E. H. Zimmerman, Elkhart; Second Vice President, William F. C. Dall, Michi-

HELP THE BOYS HELP THE LEAGUE

YOU all know by this time that Outdoor America, your own Outdoor America, has decided to increase its circulation to such an extent that financial returns from advertising will pour into the coffers of the League in such a manner that the national work of the organization can be increased very materially.

Because the League is working for the boys of today and tomorrow it was thought entirely fitting and proper that money spent in bringing about a great circulation should go to the boys. The list of awards to be given boys for securing subscriptions is a notable one and the plan is dignified and ethical. While the boys are increasing this circulation they are gaining for themselves valuable articles which otherwise they might not be able to secure.

Take for instance the camping outfit. Read over the list of articles included therein and then recall your own boyhood. How would you have liked that outfit? Of course your boyhood was not featured by any thought of a radio outfit, but you certainly would have turned things upside down to have gotten hold of one of those listed.

So help the boys! At the same time you help the League and your chapter. These new subscribers will ultimately become chapter members and some of them will bring about chapters in other communities.

It's your magazine and your League and your chapter.

gan City; Third Vice President, Chas. F. Rutledge, Hartford City; Secretary, O. F. Raymond, Muncie; Treasurer, J. B. Shick, La Porte. M. L. Gochenour, of Warsaw, was named chairman of the Legislation committee and Harry Forbes of Terre Haute, chairman of the committee on publicity.

The convention concluded with a banquet at the Elks club, attended by 500 persons. Dr. Brown was toastmaster and introduced as the principal speakers Will H. Dilg, president of the League, and M. L. Gochenour, editor of the big game department of Outdoor America.

The convention was an unqualified success and a score of new chapters throughout Indiana became apparent when it was broadcasted that the Izaak Walton League represented the new order of things and through a record of accomplishments proved that where things could only be hoped for along old methods they become realities through nationally organized and capitalized public sentiment.

Here is the youngest member of the Bentleyville, Pa., chapter. If he isn't a fine looking little chap we never saw one. He is Chuck Sofsky, Jr., son of the president of the chapter. His dad is certainly a live wire and the Bentleyville chapter gives promise of setting a fast pace in Pennsylvania

* * *

THERE comes from the **Prairie du Chien, Wis.,** chapter a letter so interesting that the editor of this department cannot help but reproduce the major portion of it. The letter is from W. E. Martner and is very much worth while and here it is:

"So we probably will not be able to be represented at the Wisconsin convention, much to our sorrow for we would like to be present and help put a heel on the corporations that would monopolize the playgrounds of the nation, the poachers who would destroy the feeding grounds of wild life, the game that should be a joy to the generations to come, the polluters who empty their filth into mouths of the finny tribe, the destroyers of the wild fowl of land and water, and desecrate the beauty spots of 'Wisconsin the Wonderland.'

"Just a few words as to the doings of the local chapter, to show the fellows in other sections we are not asleep. Resolutions and a memorial were adopted and forwarded to our representatives in Congress praying that they push the bill to save and purchase the bottomlands.

"A month ago the Chapter members seined the great Horseshoe Lake of 5,000 pounds of game fish which were carried overland to the main channel of the Mississippi. The 24,000 foot seine was of two inch mesh and only the larger ones were gathered up. There were less than 200 pounds of rough fish. We tried to get the fisheries commission to follow up with their fingerling seines, but lack of funds prevented their sending a crew from Lynxville, 16 miles distant, to complete a job that would have netted 5,000 to 8,000 pounds of fingerling and fry. Greemore Lake was seined by the local club recently and another haul made, and the fish saved from destruction by freezing. The figures from this haul are interesting. There were 5,100 pounds of game fish, 2,000 pounds of rough fish. There were 5,000 sunfish or 45 percent, 3,500 crappies or 30 percent, 350 pickerel or 15 percent and 500 bass, or about 10 percent. There were a few pike weighing up to a pound and a half, and a few perch. Notice the scarcity of bass. Here, too, the fisheries service failed to co-operate to save the fingerlings and fry.

"In conclusion I want to say we have the worst fight on our hands right now. The Wisconsin legislature passed a law last winter protecting the lotus lily in Wisconsin. Horseshoe Lake is a veritable beauty as you saw last summer when you visited McGregor, the lake being between the two cities around which there is an island. The lake and the shallow water has been literally raped of every pod and seed by Iowans, and because a supposed conservationist owns the island around the lake, who was instrumental in getting the law passed, Wisconsin conservationists do not seem to be able to get the commission or the wardens to act. The destruction will virtually end the lily blooms here within a few years. The seeds are being gathered and sold promiscuously, the pods sent to the east and painted and used in winter bouquets. It's a crime of the age and the handful of local Leaguers are powerless to check the tragedy."

THE **Will County, Ill.,** Chapter records an accomplishment which is expected to set the pace in Illinois and which demonstrates what concerted action will do when it comes to supplanting an unfortunate law and taking advantage of the "way out" shown by Thomas Ambrose, vice president of the League in his recent article "Stop That Dam Fishing."

In the Kankakee river at Wilmington, Ill., is a dam, a large dam with a fish ladder "of sorts" and with deep holes on the down-stream side. When the water is low the taking of game fish from these holes is just a matter of dropping in live bait or lures and pulling out the fish. Just like "shooting fish in a bath-tub." Fortunately there was considerable high water in the Kankakee during the past season and the catches were not as heavy as they might have been. Next season the members of the chapter will realize that a great crime might be committed under the provisions of the law.

The fact that the waters of the Kankakee in this vicinity had been stocked several times by the state made the petition for the declaring of these waters a preserve a simple matter. Such a petition was arranged and Chief Fish and Game Warden William J. Stratton in a letter to the chapter declared that the waters effective next spring would become a preserve. Mr. Sam Roach, chief clerk of the fish and game division, confirmed the action at a November banquet and meeting of the chapter held at Joliet, and attended by 600 Waltonians and with representatives present from seven chapters. The principal speaker of the evening was Dr. Preston Bradley, who delivered his lecture on "The Religion of the Outdoors."

* * *

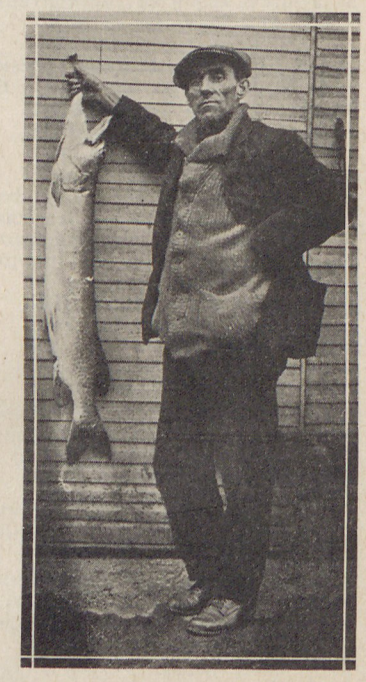
THE **Du Page River** Chapter at **Naperville, Ill.,** has been formed by a hundred enthusiastic sportsmen of that community, and the first great activities of the chapter will be devoted to making the beautiful Du Page river a fit place to fish in and a safe place for game fish to abide. One of the most beautiful rivers in Illinois, the Du Page, is in the vicinity of Naperville, sadly and foully polluted, and the principled men and women of that town realized that only through creation of public sentiment in favor of a clean river and with the backing of the Illinois Division of the League and the national organization could the desired conditions be brought about.

Mr. F. L. Grimes, "daddy" of Naperville fishermen with a long record of clean and untarnished sportsmanship behind him, was elected president with H. O. Bard, vice president, John Bentz, treasurer, and B. F. McCabe, secretary. The Du Page river will be chaptered at every community center.

* * *

ESTABLISHMENT at **Yorkville, Ill.,** of a fish hatchery is being urged by the many chapters of the League along the Fox river, the "most chaptered" river in the United States. State experts have looked over the site and pronounced it entirely suited for a hatchery and with this made a reality the Fox river will gain an invaluable source of supply. The campaign being waged by all Fox river chapters for pollution preventative measures will make an interesting story for telling at a future date.

(Continued on page 312)



Yes, they catch muskies in Ohio. This fellow is a 31-pounder and measured 48½ inches. He was taken by William Q. Hummell and a friend near New Philadelphia, Ohio, where there now is a flourishing chapter of the League. Clarence A. Miller, secretary, took the pictures

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Some Letters from Our Readers

Washburn Crosby Company

Minneapolis, Minn.
James F. Bell, President

PRESIDENT Izaak Walton League,
My Dear Mr. Dilg: In the many efforts you have made for the preservation of wild game life, I am wondering if you have given consideration to the possibility of effecting, either through treaty or through state legislation, a complete closed season for all game once in a period of years?

I believe a movement of this kind, if properly engineered, could be made effective. Sportsmen as a whole are beginning to appreciate the diminution of wild fowl life and to realize unless something is done it will soon have passed away forever. Many of our game laws now looking to restriction in bag limits carry with them features of compliance which, instead of upholding the law, only go to make lawbreakers, and the whole movement is discredited thereby. As a sportsman, I have a sympathy with the man who, when he gets out possibly one day or two days a year, naturally wants to crowd into those days the shooting that his more fortunate brothers might enjoy over a greater number of occasions. Unfortunately there are too many men who measure the good time by the size of the bag; nevertheless this condition exists and must be recognized in dealing with the situation.

As I look at it, it occurs to me that every duck in the air if permitted to enjoy a year of immunity would represent three ducks. If, therefore, we could have three years of open season and one year of entirely closed season, I believe we should see a continuation of our wild fowl and other game life for many years to come. My thought is that if we made a closed year it would be closed on everything so there could be no mistaken idea as to the purpose of the man who is found in a field with shooting irons.

It may be that a period of three and one would seem too short and we would have to be content with six and one. In any event we could accept this at the start in the hope that we might shorten the period of open season later.

I believe Canada would join with us on a treaty or if not we could secure legislation in the affected states with the understanding that such legislation become effective upon the confirmation of 75% of the states asked to participate in the movement.

I have talked this among my fellow sportsmen and have found them sympathetic to such a thought, having seen the result of alternate closed and open seasons on partridges and to some extent on prairie chickens in this part of the country. Local game laws are ineffective as applied to the rural population. The farmer in the sparsely settled sections is immune from surveillance except of the character I have indicated, by a completely closed season. The same is true of lumbermen, cruisers, trappers, etc.

I shall be very glad to have an expression of your views on this subject and will be happy to join in a general movement of this kind.

Yours very truly,
James F. Bell.

National Cash Register Company

Dayton, Ohio.
Robert Patterson—Vice-President

MY Dear Will:
I want to call your attention to the great changes that are being brought about by good roads and the automobiles in this great country of ours.

The state of Wisconsin has completed during the last few years, many fine roads through the northern part of the state, this enables the hunter to load on his camping equipment and wheel into what is left of the great north woods, reaching places that until recently have been difficult to reach. It also causes much greater difficulty for the state through its game wardens to control the shooting. In the old days the warden could control much of this killing by watching the railroad stations; now a man, so inclined, can kill a doe or fawn, throw it into his auto and leave camp any time of the day or night.

It has been my good fortune during the past 13 years to hunt often in Price County, Wisconsin. This year there seemed to be fewer bucks and more does and fawns killed and left in the woods. We found within a radius of a mile 2 does and 3 fawns, shot and left where they fell; how many more were wounded and died in the swamps, I leave to your imagination.

Unless there is a closed season, or other means are taken for the protection of the deer, they will soon be extinct.

May I also call your attention to the fact that much of the lumber is being cut off, giving less cover for the deer. This timber is cut, the best is taken for lumber, and the tops left to lie where they fell. Fire sweeps through and all chances for reforestation is gone, for the next 25 years. If the timber was cut under proper supervision of the Government, we could still have a young forest coming on, that would be ready to cut again in twenty-five years.

Let us hope that the good work you and the Izaak Walton League are doing, may in a short time awaken the people to the fact that we are wasting the wealth that rightfully belongs to our descendants.

Yours for more and better conservation, Robert Patterson.

DEAR Mr. Dilg:
I have read with a great deal of interest your various articles in reference to saving our bottom lands and making a fishermen's paradise out of the Upper Mississippi. This is a step in the right direction but simply saving the bottom lands will not do it alone. The government spends a great deal of money in seining out the sloughs whose pockets are threatened to be cut off from the main stream by low water—their work being to save the fish fry from annihilation. The largest percent of this fry I understand, is being loaded on cars and sent to inland waters, although some perhaps is thrown back into the Mississippi. We want all fry taken from the Mississippi River's pockets returned to the Mississippi River and when fishing gets so good that you cannot cast your fly without catching a bass instantly with every throw, then we can think about sending some of the fry to inland waters.

Another thing, the government spends a great deal of time and money in seining these pockets, the object being to make the fishing on the river better. **Why not have all the seining done under government supervision** by government crews who could contract with market fishermen to take the rough fish from off their hands and do the marketing? It's a cinch that if the seining were done by government crews, all game fish would be returned to the river. I do not mean to say that all seiners keep the game fish but then it is quite possible that some of them do, or at least could do so if they wanted to. It would be impossible to furnish enough game wardens to be present every time each one of the thousands of nets are pulled in. At any rate there would be the satisfaction and the feeling of security that the thing was done right.

If this work cannot be done under government supervision, it could be done by joint state crews, for instance, seining crews who would be supervised jointly by the state commission of Minnesota and Wisconsin and farther along down, Iowa and Illinois or whatever states adjoin each other.

With this responsibility off their hands, the game wardens still would have plenty of work and would still be kept busy checking up on the market fishermen who fish with set lines and in other ways.

Yours very truly,
Emil Leight,
Winona, Minn.

Even the Golfers are Interested!

MR. G. F. SLAUGHTER,
American Steel Foundries,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Gabe: Replying to yours of October 24th, I am enclosing subscription for "Outdoor America," and will be very glad to help along the cause.

For the life of me, I do not see where you come in on "Outdoor America." I never noticed any caribou at the Glenview Golf Club. It is true your drives have the sustained flight of the Canada goose, and your iron shots move over the ground with the grace of an antelope. Your putts are like a gopher seeking its hole, and when it comes to the water hazards, your ball shows the instincts of the seagull. Still, Glenview is far removed from elephants and Bengal tigers, and the stuff we call "Big Game." I am inclined to think that George Scott (Chairman, Executive Committee, I. W. L. A.) has been using a little propaganda on you.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Percival Hunter,
Asst. Purchasing Agent,
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R.

DEAR OUTDOOR AMERICA:
Enclosed please find $1.00 for another subscription. I showed this man a copy of the magazine, and he nearly dislocated his arm in his quick move to get the dollar out of his pocket.

Very truly yours,
(signed) H. M. Logan,
Royalton, Minn.
Postmaster,

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

"Smiling Bill" Tells a Fish Story with a Moral

Last May I went on a trout fishing trip to my favorite stream, which by the way is not as much of a favorite as it used to be.

In four days of hard fishing I was able to put in my creel exactly five legal sized trout and they were not big enough to scare anybody at that. Others on the stream had about the same luck.

In addition to what I kept I returned to the water 60 trout running from 6 inches to 6¾ inches in length. If these sixty small fish had been taken on barbed hooks many of them would have died from injuries or from fungus due to handling. Perhaps one-third would have died, leaving 40 to live. But as they were taken on Jamison Barbless Hooks, none of them were injured and none were handled. The entire 60 should live.

If this could be applied to the entire stream, or else assuming that these 60 small fish were all there were in the stream then there will be 50 per cent more fish in the stream next May than there would have been if barbed hooks were used.

In accomplishing this rather surprising feat no fish were lost and the flies cost no more than other flies, which means no cost or bother to the angler.

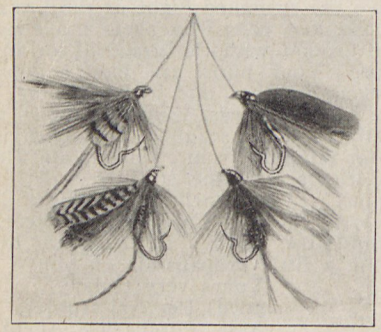
This is an exact statement of an actual occurrence, which can be duplicated in a greater or lesser degree by any angler every time he goes fishing. So why not use barbless flies and have better fishing.

If you desire further information about our barbless I will be glad to personally answer all inquiries, so do not hesitate to write.

I have testimonial letters from more than a dozen authorities of national reputation, giving their personal experiences, that I will be pleased to send you if you are interested. Also a full list of patterns and sizes of trout and bass flies and hooks for fly tying.

Bill Jamison.

MORAL—If you want better fishing in the near future, the useless slaughtering of millions of small fish must be stopped. As it is caused by the use of barbed hooks it can only be stopped by using barbless hooks. There is no other way.



Send for our great list of testimonials and photos and our list of patterns of wet and dry flies for both trout and bass fishing.
Write now while you think of it.

The W. J. Jamison Co.
Pat. Pend. Dept. W.
739 South California Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Barbless Hook, Conservationist

By Cal. Lansworth Johnson
(*Wisconsin Cal*)

WITH the advent of new creations in barbless hooks, now on the American market, various questions arise as to their real purpose of conservation of game fish. To begin one might say, a barbless hook in the hands of a fish hog means nothing, but, when in the hands of a sportsman, properly used, it means much for the conservation of game fish in American waters. While its main purpose is to enable one to successfully liberate undersize fish, it in no way gives the catch a longer lease of life on account of being able to free itself more easily than from a barbed hook. To anyone who has used barbless hooks it is a known fact that they hold efficiently. In most cases where a fish liberates itself it will be found that the catch was poorly hooked in the outer tissues of the lip. This, as a rule, is also the cause of loss of fish when using barbed hooks. The barbless hook has adapted itself more readily to the fly caster as the longer fly rod enables the angler to hold a taut line during the wild leaps and dashes of the hooked fish.

In some instances anglers, being unable to purchase barbless hooks in their locality, have clipped off the barbs of the ordinary Pennell eyed hooks and gone forth to try their skill at barbless hook fishing. Unless an expert angler, the loss of many fine trout will result from the above method. The reason for this is that the average barbed hook on the market today is built too shallow for use without a barb and a longer point is necessary to hold the catch successfully.

In my early days of angling with a bent pin my catches were numerous. This may possibly be on account of the less gamey specie I fished for in those days, but, nevertheless they stayed hooked, and that's the point in favor of the barbless hook.

When fishing for trout with a small size hook number 12 or 14 a large number of undersize trout are usually hooked due to the small size of the fly. By this I do not mean one should use a larger hook necessarily, but, as a rule, size 8 or 10 will catch less fingerlings. I have witnessed fishermen hook small trout and not bother to take them off the hook but just bring the line back with a quick snap that tears the hook from their mouths and sends them sailing through the air and up into the brush that surrounds the stream. This method is certainly destructive and unsportsmanlike. What good would a barbless hook do in the hands of such a person? The angler must first be converted to the higher ideals of sportsmanship, then the whys and wherefores of the barbless hook will be understood by him.

There is no question but that the barbless hook will save thousands of young fish each season. The taking of the limit, or better still, just what you need, is just as easily accomplished with the barbless hook and still enables the liberation of the small fish hooked. I have examined the mouths of various trout taken with the barbless hook and, as a rule, find it hard to detect the place where the hook pierced the fish's mouth.

From a conservation standpoint the barbless hook will, in time, come in for its due credit. It is without a doubt the most humane method of angling and should be encouraged.

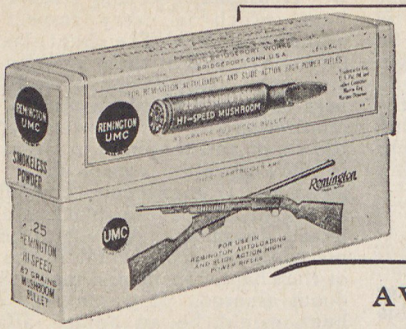
A Big Chance

For

THE OUTDOOR BOY

Write the Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive for an illustrated folder showing the list of handsome awards.

Honorable Mention—The first award was won by Bobby Bennett, Chariton, Iowa.



Read what Major Whelen says about Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges

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AVERAGE BALLISTICS

Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges

Mushroom or Expanding Bullets

Figures in light type indicate old style (regular) rifle cartridges. **Figures in heavy black type indicate the latest development in (Hi-Speed) rifle cartridges.**	List Price Per 1000	Weight of Bullet Grs.	Muzzle Velocity Foot Seconds	Muzzle Energy Foot Pounds	TRAJECTORY: 200 Yds. Height at 100 Yds. Inches	300 Yds. Height at 100 Yds. Inches	400 Yds. Height at 200 Yds. Inches	500 Yds. Height at 250 Yds. Inches	Range for Accuracy In Yards	Penetration ⅞" Pine Boards
.25 /20 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P.	$ 35.00	86	1380	360	13.5	34.8	.....		100-200	8
.25 /20 Win. Mar. & Rem. Hi-Speed Mushroom	**35.00**	**60**	**2200**	**645**	**8.2**	**(100 yds. at 50 yds. 1.3)**			**200-300**	**8**
.25 Rem. S. P.	62.75	117	2130	1180	5.0	13.8	28.1	54.5	500-700	11
.25 Rem. Hi-Speed Mushroom	**62.75**	**87**	**2700**	**1410**	**3.0**	**7.8**	**14.6**	**26.4**	**500-700**	**11**
.25 /35 Win. & Sav. S. P.	62.75	117	2030	1070	6.0	15.8	33.4	66.4	500-700	11
.25 /35 Win. & Sav. Hi-Speed Mushroom	**62.75**	**87**	**2700**	**1410**	**3.0**	**7.8**	**14.6**	**26.4**	**500-700**	**11**
.30 /30 Win. Mar. & Sav. S. P.	72.25	170	2020	1540	5.7	15.2	31.6	57.1	500-700	11
.30 /30 Win. Mar. & Sav. Hi-Speed Mushroom	**72.25**	**110**	**2550**	**1590**	**3.4**	**8.8**	**17.3**	**31.4**	**500-700**	**14**
.30 Rem. S. P.	72.25	170	2020	1540	5.7	15.2	31.6	57.2	500-700	11
.30 Rem. Hi-Speed Mushroom	**72.25**	**110**	**2550**	**1590**	**3.4**	**8.8**	**17.3**	**31.4**	**500-700**	**14**
.30 /40 Krag & Win. S. P.	95.00	220	2010	1970	5.4	13.6	28.1	50.0	800-1000	15
.30 /40 Krag & Win. Hi-Speed Bronze Pointed	**95.00**	**180**	**2500**	**2490**	**3.2**	**7.9**	**15.4**	**26.1**	**800-1000**	**16**
.30 Spg. '06 S. P.	104.50	190	2200	2030	4.8	12.5	25.6	46.5	800-1000	14
.30 Spg. '06 Hi-Speed Bronze Pointed	**104.50**	**150**	**3000**	**3045**	**2.3**	**5.7**	**11.1**	**19.2**	**800-1000**	**18**
.30 Spg. '06 Hi-Speed Bronze Pointed	**104.50**	**180**	**2700**	**2910**	**2.8**	**6.7**	**13.0**	**22.1**	**800-1000**	**19**
.30 Spg. '06 Hi-Speed Mushroom	**104.50**	**110**	**3500**	**3000**	**1.8**	**4.5**	**8.9**	**15.8**	**700-800**	**11**
.32 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P.	35.00	100	1330	390	15.4	41.0	.....		150-200	6½
.32 Win. Mar. & Rem. (32-20) Hi-Speed Mushroom	**35.00**	**80**	**2000**	**710**	**7.6**	**(100 yds. at 50 yds. 1.4)**			**200-300**	**9**
.32 Spec. (Win. & Mar.) S. P.	72.25	170	2110	1680	5.3	14.8	31.4	59.2	500-700	12
.32 Spec. (Win. & Mar.) Hi-Speed Mushroom	**72.25**	**110**	**2550**	**1590**	**3.4**	**8.8**	**18.0**	**32.6**	**500-700**	**15**
.32 Rem. S. P.	72.25	170	2110	1680	5.3	14.8	31.4	59.2	500-700	12
.32 Rem. Hi-Speed Mushroom	**72.25**	**110**	**2550**	**1590**	**3.4**	**8.8**	**18.0**	**32.6**	**500-700**	**15**
.35 Rem. S. P.	79.75	200	2020	1810	5.9	16.2	32.6	62.2	500-700	13
.35 Rem. Hi-Speed Mushroom	**79.75**	**150**	**2350**	**1840**	**4.1**	**10.8**	**23.7**	**40.3**	**500-700**	**18**
.38 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P.	42.00	180	1330	700	15.5	38.4			150-200	10
.38 Win. Mar. & Rem. (38-40) Hi-Speed Mushroom	**42.00**	**130**	**2000**	**1165**	**7.7**	**22.0**			**200-300**	**11**
.44 Win. Mar. & Rem. S. P.	42.00	200	1300	750	16.0	42.4			150-200	10
.44 Win. Mar. & Rem. (44-40) Hi-Speed Mushroom	**42.00**	**140**	**2000**	**1185**	**7.8**	**22.3**			**200-300**	**11**

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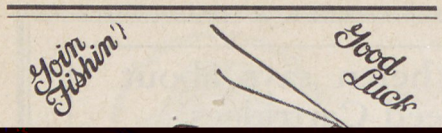

is the fire patrol of this district going to cost the Government for the next fifty or one hundred years? (It is said one hundred years will not be time enough to decompose this blown down wood.) Real conservation would

THE **Cedar County Chapter, Laurel, Nebraska,** recently staged a crow hunt, which in every respect was a grand success. The hunt lasted for three days, and at the wind-up a smoker was held, atte

The Lost Legend

(Continued from page 293)

pockets and looked around. He was the most powerfully built man I had ever seen.

An Emissary from The Depths of the Forest appears and Spits on the Floor.

He stood a full six feet and a half tall, was broad shouldered and massively muscled, but with joints so large that he appeared lean. His face, spare, and big boned, and seamed by the weather, was covered with a stubby red beard.

He stood there for a moment, looking about, then turned suddenly and saw me. "Hello there!" he bellowed, and let loose a streak of red tobacco juice that spattered over the width of two planks. He stood there, in the middle of the floor, his legs apart, his mackinaw flying free, his pants rolled up to the tops of his boots, his woolen cap covering one ear and missing the other entirely.

As I looked at him, I realized that I saw the ultimate lumberjack—the real thing, straight from the heart of the big north woods. And I, in turn, simply stood there, probably open mouthed, while the big fellow looked me over from head to toe, as if he had a mind to take hold of me in one great paw and wrap me around his wrist.

But he started to grin, a mighty pleasant grin, and he winked at me (a real broad, friendly wink) and turned from me to go over to the bunk he had appropriated, and lay down, and rest against his turkey.

We had in our outfit an axeman by the name of O'Brien, who, up to this time, had been my ideal woodsman. He, too, was a big man, built on long lines; and though he was somewhat round shouldered and had a weak, drooping mustache, he was nevertheless the strongest and toughest man in camp. And he was older than he looked—that I knew, for he was very wise about lumbering, and was consulted more than was the foreman when difficult problems presented themselves.

When the crew came in that night, boisterous as ever, and cursing each other and me, and otherwise laughing and cutting up, the big stranger rose from his bunk to meet them—and it seemed the most natural thing imaginable for him to make straight for O'Brien.

"Ted Cameron!" cried O'Brien in his gruff voice, "where in this side o' hell have ye been? Thought ye left the woods four years ago."

"Remember the Winter Paul Bunyan Logged off North Dakota?"

The big fellow grinned broadly. "Did, but I come back again. Been operatin' with Paul Bunyan on the Big Onion—in fact, been there since the year o' the two winters. I was swampin' trails the year Shot Gunderson had charge, an' used to turn the Blue Ox around on the trails, this bein' before Paul invented the round turn."

Everybody laughed, and I looked for a mighty fight, but the big fellow took the laughing good natured, and O'Brien said:

"I been here a year now. Passed the year o' the two winters with the Seven Axemen helpin' Paul log off North Dakota. We had our camp on the Red River. Perhaps ye recollect the place."

Ted Cameron slapped his knee in huge enjoyment.

"I was there part o' the same winter. I heard Paul was trying out the first two-man saw an' I rode the Ox over one night—funny I didn't see you there—"

But I was sent to the wanagan by one of the men; and though I delayed as long as I could, I had to leave in the midst of this interesting conversation. But from what I did hear, I gathered that they had been crossing each other's trail for some four years—missing each other, always by the breadth of a hair, at one of Paul Bunyan's camps (for he seemed to have a great number), as careful comparison of time, down to hours and even minutes, seemed to indicate.

The mightiest Lumberjack of Them All.

From then on I heard a great deal about the camps of Paul Bunyan, and about the wonderful deeds of that person, and before the winter was over I was burning with a desire to see this mighty personage.

In fact, I made up my mind to work in his camp the following year.

(To be continued in February)

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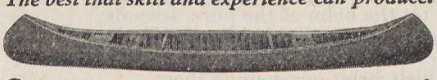
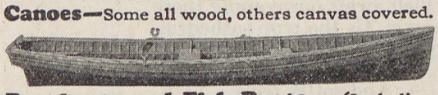


Canoes—Some all wood, others canvas covered.



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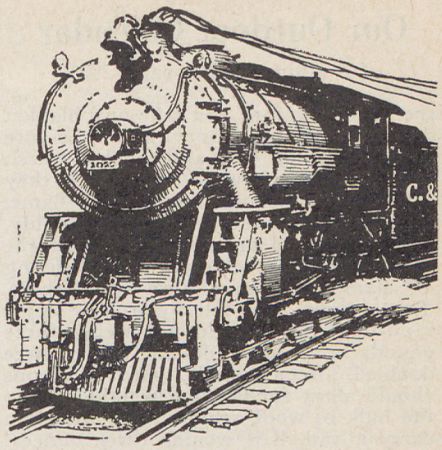

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(127)
The "Noiseless Route"

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 297)

the hand! Before you take any blanket into the winter woods with you, be sure to unravel a bit of it and touch a match to both warp and woof threads. If they take fire easily and burn with a flame, they are cotton and the thing is shoddy. If they shrivel up at the touch of the match and are reluctant about giving off flame you have pure wool there. The weight also tells you. A single Hudson's Bay should not weigh three pounds in all-wool; double, five. Three doubled, fifteen pounds, which is all one should allow for bedding weight. As to the bulk of wool, why worry? One can carry a van, if it weighs three ounces! A place on top of the pack for it, in behind one's neck, and there it may ride, an ungainly thing to look at and beloved of passing branches, but right there, brother, when the cold goes down to plus two at night!

I am strong for a tent stove. I've tried wood fires, Nessmuck backlog fires, improvised stone stoves, all sorts of makeshirts in the winter woods, but one and all—while hot enough in all conscience—they fill the tent with an acrid, unendurable fume of woodsmoke, than which this deponent would rather be cold! Also they involve an excessive labor with the axe. I once slept in a tepee in January where ten men were feeding a big fire which warmed it hot enough, heaven knows, but they were all weeping unwilling tears in the atmosphere of cutting woodsmoke which prevailed. We were glad when it was down to embers, but in two hours that chimney-like edifice was a roaring thing of icy drafts which swept under the tent pegs and out through the top. The ten men lived through the night—and then got a wall tent with a stove in it. Of course this is no reflection on the tepee but on the white man's way of managing it. Still, however, remains the wall tent as the best rag house for winter. I believe that the Indians invented the tepee and clung to it throughout the ages mainly because it is the best form of tent for general housekeeping. One has the fire in the center with the dirt hearth around it, and plenty of space for indoor operations like sewing buckskin and mending snowshoes. Around the walls bed after bed, enough to accommodate easily the Indian's small family. One could do nearly everything indoors except hunt and trap without mussing the place up. Not so with the wall tent, where one untidy member can get the whole place looking like a hotel room after breakfast; but we are not going in for general housekeeping but for a brief stay in the winter woods or an overnight camp on our march.

Clothing in the January woods postulates light wool and plenty of it. Real wool underclothes, not half cotton lest you take a chill upon perspiring. A wool sweater and two pairs of wool socks. Some sort of windproof outside coat, say a khaki one, sheep-fleece lined, or a light fluffy wool sweater-coat with a waterproof and windproof light rubber jacket over it. For day use, while the sun is shining and you are hunting or driving the axe, I am partial to the stag shirt, a blazing thing of red and black check but divested of anything that resembles tails—which have a way of collecting snow cakes and slapping against one's legs until they have wet the wearer through. Tradition has it that the lumber jacks, who invented the stag shirt, made the first ones by clipping the tails off the standard shirt of commerce. Whereat the commercial persons of Jewish extraction who sold them, seeing all that good material going to waste, supplied the shirts sans tails—and charged just as much as before. The thing has a sort of belt sewed around its bottom by which it can be tightened in to the hips so as to keep out wandering cold air currents. If too hot, loosen the belt.

The right hat in the woods is deserving of thought. The Canadian toque is good—as a night cap to wear lest the top of your head freeze off—but in the snowy forest it is "not so good." As you will appreciate when a slapping branch cascades a wad of snow down your unprotected neck! A hat with a brim by all means. The mountain men of the west wear the standard wide-rimmed Stetson, which receives all gratuitous snowfalls, those small avalanches which tumble off a twig on the slightest provocation. I have done well with a plain felt hat, not so bizarre in eastern eyes.

Foot gear. Ah, there we have argument; about it and about, as Omar says, but I, like he, have come out by that selfsame door wherein I went—the cruiser moccasin. This thing is light and laces up high, and has a tap and heel in which can be put those screw calks which give such a sure grip on slushy rocks and slippery logs. There be those who swear by rubber moccasins with leather tops, as waterproof and good for the purpose—but—and here is one big but, how many of them **are** waterproof? Fourteen of us once went on an eight-mile hike in slushy snow. Of them all, the only two who finished with dry feet were the writer and one other who wore cruiser moccasins well greased and with two pairs of wool socks inside. The rest wore these rubber inventions and tried to put over a gauzy story concerning perspiration to account for their soaking socks when the hike was over. The lumberman's pride, rubber arctics with thick felt socks inside, are better, but they are heavy, and slippery; and you must remember that the lumberman does more standing still and working with axe and peavie than walking, so that the weight he swings on each foot does not concern him.

The dear feet must be put to bed at night. Let's assume that you have no intention of pigging it by sleeping in your clothes. The wool underclothes may remain on, if perfectly dry, but over them we prefer to have the refreshing comfort of woolen pajamas. These stop, alas, at the ankles, so, as no man can get off to sleep with cold feet, these are clad with fresh and new and dry wool socks pulled up over the legs of said pajamas. As you value your night's sleep, be sure to have these things *and* the night toque for your head kept in a dry poke, a small water-proof warbag which will deliver them absolutely dry and not in the least damp at bed time. That is all there is to it; not much, but beware keeping those night socks, et al, at large in your main pack! Once wet or damp, you will have a time with them and may use up so much bodily heat in trying to dry them out that there will be none left to warm up the rest of the bag.

What to do with the day clothes? If dry, stow the lighter of them inside the bag with you in the cold, unoccupied spaces. If wet, hang on a clothes line strung along under the ridge pole and let the stove have a chance at them.

I have gone thus at length into the matter of clothing and bedding for January camping because if you go at all you simply must go right. It is a dangerous thing to take summer stuff, shoddy clothes and blankets, things that got along somehow in the fall camps, into the winter woods. I have known of three cases of pneumonia in a camp of boy scouts who spent one single night out in January under an inexperienced scoutmaster and with the usual play-camp equipment of the boy scouts, augmented by a few extra blankets.

As to occupation, bless you, to be there is the thing! That alone is an experience, a triumph for the amateur. There is freedom from insect pests, beauty untold and unending, nature interest, winter sports of all kinds, snowshoeing, skiing, sledding, tobogganing, fishing through the ice where the law permits, shooting tests for the rifleman, skating, iceboating, no end of things to do. How long since you have sledded downhill, bellywhopper, like a kid? Well, I have, last year; in the winter woods where we tramped a slide in the snow down an old lumber road in the forest. There were two grown-ups and five kids along. Gosh—what fun! You never get over being a boy. The breaking of that first snow; and gorgeous and hilarious accidents as the sleds veered off willy-nilly into the bush in spite of all efforts to steer; the gradual packing of that slide as tramp after tramp up it caked the surface; and finally the triumphant whizz of a "snake" of three sleds, with two daddys

From the Soul of God

By CHARLES HEDDON

THERE'S a sweet, subtle sort of a something,
Embraces the souls of men,
When the spirit yields
To the charms a-field,
'Mid meadow, stream and glen—
A sweet, indefinable something,
As pure as the incensed shrine;
And the searching grasp
Of the heart may clasp
"The something seemed divine."

PERHAPS it's the calm and quiet,
Or the balm of the pure, free air;
Or the choiring words
Of the happy birds
Which await our coming there.
To me, 'tis the true cathedral,
By the hosts of sin untrod;
And my spirit kneels
And softly feels
A throb from the soul of God.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

and a boy bellywhopper on them and all the rest riding on our backs—man, we broke crust far into the valley that trip! I haven't had such fun since I was seven!

Once I took the dear little old .32-20 along on a winter camp, the only man with a rifle. Of what use? Well, we came to an old Iroquois rock shelter, and there in the dust were the wallows of three grouse. But there was more, a big wildcat who had caught and devoured one of those grouse, leaving his beak and feathers in the snow outside. Him I tracked into a dense hemlock swamp near by, and there was work for the .32-20 to do! That old mouse-trap accounted for two owls, a hawk, and a fox shot sitting that trip, and she almost collected a mink.

And once, when this old-timer was invited along on a January camp and his eye told him that a mean, slushy nor'easter was brewing, he went just the same but went provided. Out of his pack there rolled various balls of red and black worsted yarn, which caused a deal of hilarious comment—but the old-timer always was a nut. Next morning it was raining and hailing and trying to snow, and the woods a most uncomfortable place to wander in. The rest sat and cursed the weather; but this deponent had use for those worsted balls—for he had always wanted to run a Navajo loom but could never seem to get around to it. A big fork cut in the woods made the frame for this loom; on two sticks lashed to top and bottom of this fork there soon appeared a set of woof strings. To these were added the heddle-stick and the opening stick. Five minutes sufficed to whittle a shuttle. Then, crossing the wool strings with the heddle-stick or opening them with the other, the shuttle shot through and through, and presently a wool scarf began to take form. The rest sat and gaped. A fine and interesting day, that, especially when I branched off into the intricacies of a black diamond pattern in its red field!

Oh, yes! There's plenty to do, fair weather or foul, in the January woods!

A Deer Preserve in California

THERE is a movement afoot to create a national game preserve in the Tahquitz Valley, in the San Jacinto Mountains. The Sierra Club of Los Angeles, many chambers of commerce, women's clubs, some hunters' organizations and great numbers of individuals in Southern California have come out for this preserve. The region is recognized as the most natural and best spot for the purpose in the southern mountains. Also, so many auto roads are being built into the wilds that there is wide-spread sentiment in favor of keeping this spot just as it is, wild and untouched on the top of the mountain, with no way in except by trails.

I earnestly hope that the Izaak Walton League will sponsor this measure. The bill was introduced in the House of Representatives last February by Congressman Phil D. Swing of the southernmost district in California. It proposes to set aside 40 sections of mountain top under the name of the Tahquitz National Game Preserve. The greatest merit of the proposition is that a permanent breeding ground will be set apart for the game principally deer, by which the ample surrounding hunting range will be automatically stocked without the need ever arising of closing the whole territory. Mr. Swing should be urged to push the measure as soon as congress convenes, December 1st and **everyone interested in the success of this fine measure should write Congressman Swing at once.**

GEORGE LAW,
Los Angeles, California.

A Double on Grouse

(Continued from page 295)

friend for abandoning the hunt for the solace of his filthy old pipe, and the comfort of the farmhouse kitchen?

In the midst of a morose puffing, a distant hail floated through the partly opened door, "Hey, John! Quail in the pasture lot! Come on out!" Did that disturber of pipe dreams say "quail"? Why, quail were unknown in our state, had been for years. The old timers at the mention of Bob White would smile sadly and mention the "Big Snow in '88." What tales they could spin of bygone quail shooting over lands that hadn't heard the cheery whistle of the little game bird for a generation. John decided it was a poorly timed joke, and sat back in the broken down easy chair.

"Where the —— are you, John? Quail in the pasture lot. Shake a leg if you want a shot."

This was too much for John, and he decided to take a chance on its being a practical joke. "Where are they?" was the answer to his question. "Right in that draw. Biggest birds I ever saw, and funny thing about them is they stayed in a bunch. Never saw quail do that before." Up the little depression in the pasture they went, searching the hedge where a knowledge of quail habits told them the birds should be—but no birds were flushed. It looked like the joke John had suspected, but his companion was too earnest about searching out the next field. Up the next hollow they went, every minute expecting flushing birds, but this too was empty. Only one place remained, another big field almost the size of the pasture, but without a bit of cover other than the short dead grass of a cropped field. They spread out to comb the most unlikely place they had seen the entire day.

"Say, George, you sure the birds were quail?" asked our friend John, at the top of his lungs.

"Looked like quail, only bigger than I've ever seen" was the answer.

John was beginning to have his doubts, but methodically set to work, with just a faint wonder why it was that the old setter had to be missing just at this point. He took a step, and out from under his feet exploded birds until the air appeared full of them. They flew like quail, they looked like quail, but something was wrong, even at the moment that the old double barrel sang out twice. In a cloud of feathers two birds came down in the short stubble, while the others took themselves out of range in short order, strangely sticking together like brothers rather than exploding in all directions as quail are wont to do.

The birds were retrieved; by this time George had hurried over. "Quail —!" quoth John, "Those are young grouse," which ungrammatical remark was apparently true, for grouse they appeared to be. "Quail don't fly like that, and look at their size! That's a covey of half grown grouse."

"Pretty fair shooting," praised George, while our friend swelled with pride, but said nothing. What a tale he could spread at the club with his little story of a "double" on grouse! What mattered that the birds were small, and unusually tame for grouse; they were grouse just the same. And as he communed with himself the tale appeared brighter and brighter. Why, such a thing as getting two ruffed grouse at two consecutive shots was unheard of; darn good thing George was along to back him up in case some doubting Thomas rose up to dispute such a marvelous tale. The long hard day faded from memory; nothing remained but the picture of the flushing birds and the cloud of feathers that had signalled the fulfillment of his greatest ambition, a double on grouse.

In due course of time the little birds found their way from the roasting pan to the table, and here another mystery developed, for the flesh was dark and coarse in grain. But John didn't worry about such a little thing as that, deciding that maybe young grouse were that way before they grew up into "regular" birds. In due course, too, it became noised around that John had actually done the impossible in grouse shooting, as far as our state was concerned. True, he was apparently modest about it, but we noticed that John took to sporting a few wing feathers from his two birds in the band of his conservative hat. Even though this savored somewhat of the Indian and his scalp, it gave knowing and casual acquaintances the lead, "I see you go grouse hunting," with John launching into short tales of his favorite sport and the modest statement of his double he once had made. Why, it got to be that he began to be called, "John the Grouse Hunter," at the club.

And then one day John was idly conversing at the gun shop with his friend behind the counter, when a burly, healthy looking stranger came in. He knew the clerk, the clerk knew John and soon they were off on the favorite topic again. Again John modestly mentioned his peculiar experience, minutely describing how the birds kept together when flushed, how small they were, how dark the meat was, the stranger drinking in the story with sparkling eyes. And to cap the climax John extended his hat, bedecked with the wing feathers of the famous pair.

"Know what you shot?" questioned the stranger, "Those were grouse, all right—Hungarian Grouse. Read your game laws, man! Why, those grouse are protected for five years." John's eyes began to pop. "Know who I am? I'm the Game Warden. Twenty-five dollars and costs for every bird you killed; you owe the State fifty-four dollars and fifty cents."

There is a certain regular army regiment that were once stampeded in the Islands by a herd of water buffalo. Since then if you want to start a fight when members of that organization are around, just yell "Boo," and watch what happens. Our friend John has much the same characteristics; since that little incident in the gun-shop "grouse" means a fight with him. Some day murder will be done if "a double on grouse" is mentioned in his presence.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

At the Mouth of the Klamath

(Continued from page 266)

Fifteen minutes had passed when I inquired of my brother if he intended to land that fish so I could put my line overboard. No reply, but he risked my rod a little more! Meanwhile I saw the queer flat launch with Wiborn coming down the bay, and after it half a dozen skiffs. R. C. paid no attention to them. He was intent on landing his steelhead. I did not think he ever would do so. What a terrific strain he put on the slender green rod! It bent double and more. Gradually R. C. worked that stubborn fish close to the boat, and there we had our trouble, for when, by dint of effort, he got the steelhead nearly within reach of my gaff the swift current swept it away. Naturally I grew excited and absorbed in our fight with him, and did not look up again until we finally captured him—not a steelhead after all, but a ten pound cohoe.

When we had him in the boat we looked up to see the launch close at hand, and a fleet of eight or ten skiffs anchoring or about to anchor right in front of us. For all we could see there was only one rod in that formidable crowd, and that was a long flimsy buggywhip sort of pole in the hands of a girl. Her boatman was a young fellow who could not row, that was certain. They looked like tourists, bride and groom perhaps. I hoped they would hook a good-sized salmon, but I knew if they did they would never catch it. Several of the skiffs kept coming on, and actually got in front of us, ready to let anchors down where R. C.'s spoon was twirling. This was terrible. R. C. and I were trained in a school where an angler respects the rights of others. Besides, to use Lone Angler's favorite expression: "We got here first!"

R. C. yelled at them, and finally they reluctantly rowed out of direct line with us and let their anchors down somewhat to our right. Next my driver and his man, who had brought us down from Seattle, came splashing along in another skiff, and they anchored even with our position, not twenty feet distant. Lone Angler, coming in the launch on the other side, laughed at us. "Ha! Ha! You'll have a fine time—if you hook a salmon."

R. C. looked at me and I looked at him with the same thought in our minds —that here was a perfectly wonderful morning spoiled almost in its very beginning. Only a matter of twenty yards of the channel lay open, and that was to our left under the cliffs. All the space to the right was covered by skiffs with anchors and heavy hand lines down. What chance now had we to catch a fish? There were Indians in these boats and white natives of Requa, all probably fishing for their livelihood. We could see that they regarded us with friendly amusement, as if they would soon have some fun at our expense. Soon see the delicate little rods smashed!

"Reckon we're up against it," said R. C. soberly. "Hard luck, though. What a grand place to fish, if those ginks weren't here!"

"If we hooked a heavy fish now we'd not have one chance in a thousand, would we?" I queried, hopelessly.

"I should say not," replied my brother. Then suddenly he called out: "Look! Lone Angler has snagged on to something. Gee!"

Thus directed I saw Wiborn frantically hanging on to his little black rod The launch was below us to our left The fish he had hooked—most manifestly a big one—was running fast across the channel straight for the anchored skiffs. Plain it was to us how our comrade was suffering. Usually the most skillful and graceful of anglers, here he was bent out of position, hanging on to his rod with both hands, obviously thumbing the reel with all his might, in an effort to turn that fish. In vain! The rod nodded, bent down, straightened—then the line broke, and Lone Angler fell backward into the cockpit of the launch. R. C. and I had to laugh. We could not help it. Humor is mostly founded on mishaps to others! Lone Angler rose from his undignified position, and seemed divided between anger and sheepishness. What a disgrace for the famous Tuna Club expert! When he saw us waving our arms he waved back at us.

"He was a whale!"

R. C. and I were next attracted by the commotion in the skiff nearest to us. My driver was a Greek named Pappas, and fishing was new to him. His companion must have known still less. From the yelling and rocking of the skiff, and wild action I gathered both of them had hooked fish at the same time. At any rate they were frantically hauling on their hand lines. The lines became tangled, but the boys kept on pulling. They got in each other's way. Something broke or loosened. Pappas nearly fell overboard and his friend, stupidly holding his limp hand line, made no offer of assistance. Finally scrambling back to safety Pappas entered into a hot argument with his companion, and they almost came to blows.

Next one of the natives in a skiff hauled in a good-sized salmon, and others had strikes. Then suddenly the girl angler with the buggywhip rod had a strike that nearly jerked her overboard. She screamed. The rod went down, and evidently under and around the boat. The fair angler did not seem to want to catch the fish, but to get rid of the rod. Her escort took it, holding an oar at the same time, and when he managed to stand up the fish was gone.

"What do you know about that?" queried R. C. ruefully. Manifestly it was no unusual occurrence to hook big fish at the mouth of the Klamath.

For answer I let my spoon drift down into the place where the salt tide was more and more damming back the fresh water. No sooner had it reached the spot when a heavy fish hit and began to run off with my line.

"Pull up anchor and grab the oars," I yelled. "We'll follow this bird."

R. C. lost no time, and before the fish had half my line off the reel we were following him. He swam straight through the narrow opening between the cliff and the anchored boats, out into the wide waters of the bay. There, by careful handling of the light tackle, I brought this fish to gaff in twenty minutes. It proved to be a Chinook salmon weighing twenty-two pounds, the first of that species I had ever caught, and certainly large enough to inspire and lure me back to try again.

As we rowed back past the skiffs some of the natives called to ask us to show our fish. R. C. lifted it up. They were out-spoken and fine-spirited in their tribute to the little tackle. We anchored again in the same place. Conditions were perceptibly changed. The current ran swifter, fuller, with more of a bulge in the center. It lifted our skiff, and I knew that soon the anchor would rag. The sea was booming heavier behind us, and the swell of the waves now rolled into the channel. All the lower end of the sand bar was covered with water. Yet still the black cormorants and the white gulls contended for the little fish. Their screams now were almost drowned by the crash and wash and splash of threshing waters. Still farther back had the dark green tide forced the yellow river. There was a mist in the air.

R. C. and I let out our spoons together. This time they drifted and sank, down to the margin of the tide. Something hit my spoon, but missed the hooks. I was about to tell R. C. when an irresistibly powerful fish ponderously attached himself to my spoon, and made straight for the skiffs with their network of anchors and hand lines.

"Oh, look at him!" I wailed, as I tried to thumb my reel. It burned too severely.

"Goodnight! I knew it was coming. But stay with him till your hair falls out!" cried my brother, as he swiftly reeled in, and then jumped to heave the anchor and get to the oars.

When he had done so and was backing the skiff down the channel all the two hundred yards of silk line was gone off the reel, and the green linen line was going. My fish ran straight for the boats, and then apparently began to zigzag. Not the slightest hope had I of saving either fish or line. It was fun, excitement, even if no hope offered. R. C. had risen to the occasion. If my line had been round a hundred anchors he would not have quit. Lone Angler appeared beyond the skiffs and he was watching.

"Whatever you do must be quick," was R. C.'s advice.

The whizzing of my reel began to lessen. I calculated that was because the line had become fouled on some of the anchor ropes. We cleared the first skiff. My line stretched between the anchor rope of the second skiff and the skiff itself. I had to pass my rod between skiff and rope. It went under water. I heard my reel handle splashing round. Both natives and Indians were helpful, both in advice and with their efforts. They all pulled in their hand lines, the nearest of which was wound round my line. What a marvel it seemed that my fish apparently stopped pulling while we untangled my line from the big lead sinker and spoon on that hand line! But so it actually was. The next skiff had out a long slack anchor rope. It appeared that my line had fouled this deep under the water. I put my tip down, tried to feel the line, then dipped my rod under the rope and lifted it out on the other side. Wrong! I had only made a loop round the rope. I had to laugh. How futile! Yet I did keep on—did not surrender. I dipped the rod back again, and then the second time. The line came free. It began to run off my reel, faster and faster. There was only an inch of thickness left on the spool.

"I'm a son-of-a-gun if I don't believe we'll get clear," said R. C., giving in to excitement.

I had not yet awakened to any new sensation. Foregone conclusion had it been that I would lose this fish.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

But I stood up and looked ahead. To my amaze my line was out of the water for a long distance ahead of my rod. Then I saw a man in the last skiff, standing up, holding my line high. It was slipping through his fingers.

"I got you free of my line. You're all clear now. He's on—and he's a whopper," called this fellow.

Impossible to believe my eyes and ears! I saw this fisherman, a big brawny man, bronzed by exposure. His face bore an expression of good will and pleasure, and admiration that I will never forget. Somehow in a flash it electrified me with the idea that I might catch this fish.

"Look out, you'll fall overboard," warningly shouted R. C. "Brace your knees on the seat. I'll catch up with that son-of-a-gun!"

R. C. began to row fast, and fortunate indeed was it that he had grasped the situation. For as he got into action I glanced at my reel to see only a very few laps of the green line round the spindle. I turned cold. For an instant my right hand seemed paralyzed. Then I began to reel as never before. My line appeared slack. It reeled in readily. With sinking heart I watched it, sure, painfully and dreadfully sure, that my fish had gotten away. Why had I given credence to a futile hope? Why had I been so foolish as to surrender to a wild dream? He was gone. Then the line suddenly came so taut that the reel handle slipped out of my fingers and knocked on my knuckles.

"He's on yet. Row fast. If I can only get back to the silk line!" I called.

R. C. saved me there, and very soon I had all the green line on my reel. With the stronger silk line to rely upon now I had more and more irresistible hopes. I could not help them. To hook that tremendous fish, whatever it was, to get safely through that maze of skiffs, anchors, and hand lines, to feel the silk line slipping on my reel—it was unbelievable, too good to be true.

R. C. rowed perhaps three hundred yards beyond the last skiff before I could get enough line in to feel safe. Then we took it more easily, and gradually I got so much line back that I knew the fish was close. In fact it soon transpired that he was directly under us, swimming slowly. This was good, and I could not have asked for more. But when he turned and swam back toward the skiffs—that was another matter. It made me sick. It began to worry R. C.

More and more I thumbed the reel. The rod bent in a curve so that I had great difficulty in keeping the tip up. I did not dare look often at the rod, because when I did I would release the strain, and the fish would take line. At times it would be nip and tuck. Then when I held him a little too hard he would make off toward the skiffs and the channel. In time he led us back to within fifty yards of the danger zone.

"Hold him here or lose him," said R. C. sharply. "No use to follow him farther. Be awfully careful, but hold him. That rod's a wonder or it would have broken long ago."

I stepped up on the stern seat and desperately strained every nerve to perform the most difficult task ever given me in an angling experience. To hold that fish, to check him, turn him and lead him without breaking rod or line seemed an impossible achievement.

I elevated the rod and shut down on the reel. Slowly the arch of the rod descended, the line twanged like a banjo string, and just as something was about to break I released the pressure of my thumb and let the fish have a few feet of line. Then I repeated the action. Again!

"Row just as slowly as possible," I admonished R. C. "Not back but across, quartering the current. Maybe that will turn him."

R. C. had no answer for me then. He rowed with great caution. And the fish gradually worked down toward the other skiffs at the same time that our boat was moving across the current. I could see all the other fishermen watching intently. We were close enough for them to see clearly our every move. From somewhere came Lone Angler's call of encouragement.

For me those moments were long, acute, and fraught with strained suspense. How many times I closed down on the reel I never counted, but they were many. My efforts to continue this method could not have lasted long. My arms ached, and my right hand became almost numb. I grew breathless, hot and wet with sweat, and when my eyes began to dim from the strain of nerve and muscle I knew the issue was short.

My fish had just about reached the zone of the anchored skiffs when almost imperceptibly he began to sheer to the right. Not a minute too soon! R. C. let out a pent-up whoop.

"We're leading him," he said. "Careful now. Only a little more, and we'll be out of danger."

I had stood about all I could stand of that strain, so that even if the fish did come with us a little it was not easy for me. Gradually we worked him across the outlet of the river, behind the rocky bluff into wide placid waters. There I let him swim around until I rested my aching arms and cramped hands. Soon I felt equal to the task again and began to work on him. In the deep still water I soon began to tire him, and in half an hour more he came to the surface, and wearily leaped out, a huge Chinook salmon. Eventually he gave up and we lifted him aboard.

Then I was indeed a proud and tired angler.

"Good Lord! Look at that fish—to catch on a bass tackle!" exclaimed R. C.

Broad and long and heavy, silvery and white, with faint spots and specks, and a delicate shimmering lustre, with the great sweep of tail and the cruel wide-beaked jaws, he was indeed a wonderful fish.

We rowed back to the point to exhibit him to the interested spectators, and then we went ashore on the sand bar to take pictures. It was all I could do to lift him high enough. Fifty-seven pounds! That was not an excessive weight to lift with one hand, but I was exhausted.

R. C. and Lone Angler refused to compete with me any more that day. I heard R. C. speak in an undertone to Lone Angler, and what he said sounded something like: "Hope he's got enough this trip!"

This I pretended not to hear, and I told my companions to take a last look at the most thrilling and fascinating place to fish I had ever seen. The world is wide and there must be innumerable wild beautiful places yet unexplored that await the hunter and fisherman. Of these I am always dreaming and creating mental pictures. Yet the waters a fisherman learns to love always call him back.

Requa, the fishing hamlet, quaint and old-fashioned, picturesque and isolated, stood out on the bluff above the Klamath, and faced the sea apprehensively. By the sea it lived. And its weather-beaten features seemed to question the vast heaving blue.

Down under the bluff the river was damming against the encroachment of the sea, and now the green water was slowly receding before the yellow. Ebb tide! The salmon and steelhead had ceased playing on the surface. But the glancing ripples were still there, the swooping pelicans and the screaming gulls, and the haunting sound of the surf.

A FISHERMAN TO HIS SON

BY MAURICE M. FRINK

MY son, when you have older grown
I'll take you to a lake I've known
At midnight, noontime, dusk and dawn;
I want to show you where I've gone
To find my freedom—where I've spent
Days of gladness and content.
I want to be in the boat with you
When the bass are hitting—want you to
Learn from me,
O son of mine,
How to swing
A fishing line!

I'VE been young—too well I know
The rocky road your feet must go.
But I know, too, a path that clings
To a wooded hill where the peewee sings,
Where dogwood grows, and oak and pine;
And all I ask, O son of mine,
Is to row a boat for you some day
Along that shore where the willows sway—
To be with you
When first you feel
A leaping bass
Unwind your reel!

I WANT my son to sleep, as I
Have slept, beneath the sky—
I want the day's first gleaming dim
To waken something deep in him;
I want my boy to learn to take
His troubles to that shining lake
And lose them there. And so I wish,
O son of mine, that you may fish!
For my boy's sake
I ask it, God—
Teach him to love
A casting rod!

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125. for good acreage, big game district.
215. for large acreage, hunting camp site.
285. for mining claim, may be worth a million.

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A World Record Broken

My First Experience Tarpon Fishing

By D. H. Buxton

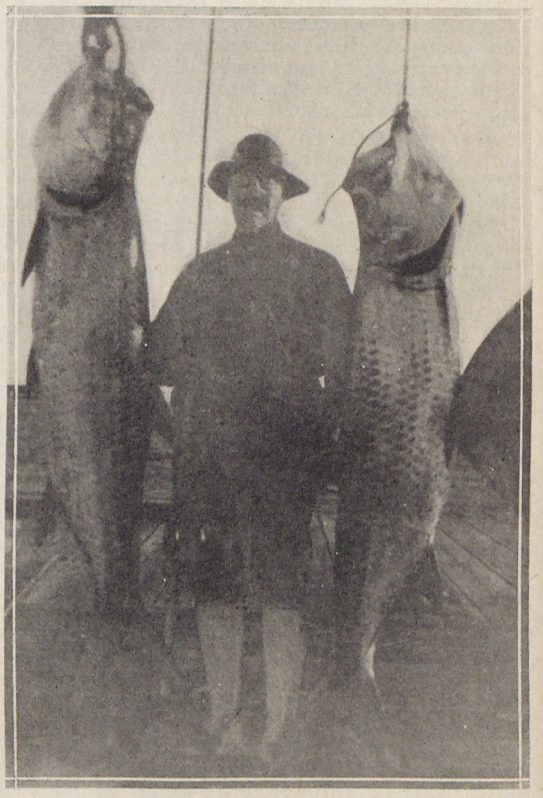
ABOUT the first of October I telephoned my friend Mr. Ernest W. Brown of Des Moines, and told him I was beginning to hear again that "Call of the Wild" and suggested it must be near the time when he should go Tarpon fishing. He replied that he was planning to leave about October 15, for Port Aransas, Texas, with his son, Robert, and Mr. J. S. Carpenter. He suggested I join them. A second invitation was not necessary.

On the way down I informed him I had never caught a Tarpon and expressed a strong desire to get one. Mr. Brown replied, "Don't worry, you will get one, not only one but several. You will have all the sport you want." He then explained that he had fished there last fall and caught eighteen large Tarpon. He also said he landed four in one afternoon and added further, "when you land four of those fellows in one afternoon you will feel that you have done a good half day's work."

With J. E. Cotter, who has been on the island for thirty-three years, as my guide, we started after the Silver Kings. When I hooked a big fellow and he leaped several times high above the water I felt I was already repaid for the time and expense of the trip. In eight days, about two of which were unfavorable for Tarpon Fishing, the four of us landed 150 Tarpon. I remained two days after the other three gentlemen left. On October 25th I landed 20 Tarpon and several shark. On the 26th I landed 26 Tarpon and 7 Leaping Shark.

June 19, 1919, L. G. Murphy of Converse, Indiana, landed 24 Tarpon at record for the number of Tarpon taken with rod and reel in one day. So I am informed that the 26 Tarpon caught October 26, 1923, at Port Aransas, breaks all previous records. I was about eight hours in making the record. During three and one-half hours in the forenoon I landed 12 Tarpon and in five hours in the afternoon, 14 Tarpon and 7 Leaping Shark. A large number of the Tarpon were around 5½ to 6 feet in length. Believe me it was some job. Two or three times during the night I got up and went through some calisthenic exercises, otherwise I should have been an invalid the next day.

Port Aransas in one day, and a gentleman fishing off the Florida Coast caught 25 Tarpon in one day. He, I am reliably informed, held the world's



D. H. Buxton with the two tarpon he kept from his record day's catch of twenty-six.

To anyone who has never seen the silver flashes of Tarpon in the sunlight nor felt the sensation of their mad rushes, an experience such as mine, would ever furnish pleasant memories.

It should be made plain that the Tarpon are handled very carefully until the hook is removed and they are set free. The only Tarpon not turned loose are those retained for mounting and occasionally one for photographs and its scales. Bringing them in does not seem to injure them.

Companionable Books

By

HENRY VAN DYKE

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"Much sound, virile writing. . . . The essay on Walton is delightful, due both to the charm of the subject and the charm of the essayist. That combination, also, makes for real right criticism. The salt of humor is not lacking. . . . The essay on Dickens is wise and fine."—*The Nation.*

Illustrated Cloth, $2.00; leather, $3.00. Issued in a style uniform with the author's other books.

A Fine Catch of December Bass Through Perfect Team Work

CHAPTER I

December 4, 1923.

WILL H. DILG, President,
The Izaak Walton League of America, Chicago, Illinois.

Several months ago through a roundabout way, information was given to Dr. Morlan that the proprietor of a restaurant located at 632 North Clark Street, Chicago, had a window full of black bass to be served to his patrons. Dr. Morlan, upon being informed of the matter, immediately called up your office and stated that something ought to be done to bring this fellow to book.

Some time after that I went by this place again and saw eight black bass. I then called at your office to lay this matter before you. You had gone out of town and the facts were told to one of your assistants, who promised that he would look into this. The evil still exists. **Today** there are on display in this same window eight small black bass, some of them not much larger than a perch. This same condition prevails every week—almost every day. Sometimes there are but a few, other days a whole window full of the finest black bass anyone would want to see.

We talk and read about "Save a Bass," "What we ought to do to save the Winneshiek Bottoms" and stop the "Pollution of Streams." Right here we have a condition that needs remedying.

Through your co-operation, my information and a willing Warden, surely we ought to do something that will be a warning to him and his kind.

Very respectfully yours,
Ray Elmblade,
Member Izaak Walton League.

CHAPTER II—DECEMBER 5TH AND 6TH

A COPY of the above letter was sent to headquarters of Chicago Chapter November 5th, and within an hour after its receipt, a self constituted committee of one lodged the information with the efficient Inspector of the Fish and Game Department at Chicago, **Ed. St. Clair**, and the following day, the 6th, St. Clair's men made a thorough search of the premises at the above number but found no bass.

Let me suggest to members of the League a quick course of procedure in such cases. If you find black bass on sale anywhere, step to the nearest 'phone, call **Wabash 6665,** ask for Inspector St. Clair, give him the facts and offer to remain on the spot until one of his men comes.

The State Fish and Game Department and the Izaak Walton League worked in effectual unison to secure legislation in Illinois to protect black bass and are now coupled up for team work to see that the provisions of the Fish Code are enforced.

A word to the fish dealer or restaurant keeper who may be tempted to handle bootlegged black bass:—add at least $25.00 **per fish** to your "overhead charges" if you decide to take chances, but

Better never have any black bass about
For Ed will surely catch you if you
don't watch out.

and sometimes if you do.

Thomas Ambrose,
Secretary Chicago Chapter.

CHAPTER III—DECEMBER 7th—FRIDAY

Copy of "official report" received just as we go to press:

Chicago, Ill., 12-7-'23.

Department of Agriculture,
Division of Game and Fish.

EMPLOYEES' REPORT OF VIOLATIONS AND PROSECUTIONS

DEFENDANT, J. H. Ireland, Ireland's Oyster House.

P. O. ADDRESS, 632-634 N. Clark St., County Cook.

SECTION VIOLATED, 7 (B) Ill. Fish Code.

NUMBER AND KIND OF FISH CONFISCATED, 62 lbs. of Black Bass.

HOW DISPOSED OF, turned over to Dist. Inspector.

(Signed)
Chas. T. McQuirk, Fred J. Miller
Employees, Complainants, 25 E. Jackson Boul., R. 1101, Chicago.

Chapter 4 (to be continued)

BOOKS ABOUT THE REAL SOUTH

"Plantation Game Trails"

"The best book on the deer, the alligator and the wild turkey.—N. Y. Evening Post.

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"A pure delight to every lover of nature."—Detroit Journal.

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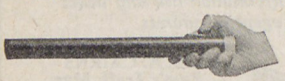

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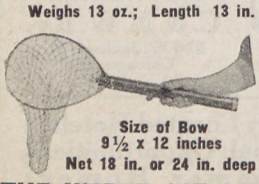

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The Kennel Department

(Continued from page 299)

that from puppyhood are given the range of the field and the woods, no matter how typy they are toward bench show standards will lose it. They take on the conformation which their work on quails and grouse, as well as prairie chickens demand, and lose to a certain extent the makeup that appeals to bench show fanciers.

POINTS IN HANDLING YOUNG DOGS

MANY hunters need as much education for field work as the young bird dog. They err as frequently as the dog and most of the offenses committed by the animal are entirely due to them. One sees this almost daily while afield.

There is a time in every young dog's career when he is hunted over by his master and a companion. Perhaps he has gotten along well until the extra man shows up, and then his deportment is anything but the best. When young dogs begin to break shot or fail to obey commands when shooting in company the cause frequently is not difficult to trace. A young dog is just like a young boy, always waiting for a chance to have his own way. As a rule he does not disobey deliberately but excess of enthusiasm, wanting to do too much starts him on the wrong path.

Two men shooting over a young dog, or even an old dog should stick together. Then not only the opportunities for accidents are greatly eliminated but better service is to be had from the dog. There is nothing that will so surely get a young dog unsteady as for one of the party to keep moving off from the other in the hope of finding birds, and if he does find them, shooting away from the dog's master. If the animal is on point usually it will break to go to the man discharging the gun. Furthermore, if he has to be reprimanded for disobedience usually if the companion is in another part of the field he will immediately go over to him for sympathy or to avoid the punishment that is due him. This makes it very hard for the master to control his youngster. After two men have been in the field for some time with a dog he decides that he can suit his tastes as to masters when he commits knowingly a grievous error.

So many dogs are made unsteady by hunters staying wide away from each other while shooting quails. They should be always almost side by side, and only one should take upon himself the task of handling the dog in any manner whatever. The dog will always be working under the instructions of one man instead of two. There will be no doubt in his mind which he should obey. In addition a man shooting over another's dog, never should talk to him. Even when dead birds are down it is important if the dog does not find them immediately and the man knows well that the dog is hunting in the wrong place, he should have patience, and in no manner attract the dog's attention to his mistake until its master is close and then it must be done through him. This in the end both adds to the dog's efficiency and is nothing more than common hunting courtesy.

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A Half Day's Work

(Continued from page 289)

and set out after them, hopin' they'd break down. He cotched up with them half a mile down the road. Wiley was cussin' blue streaks and Nellie was cryin' and sayin' she wisht she'd never seen him if he talked like that. That automobile was done for. All four tires was flat and punctured in forty places. That old porky had laid down in the rut and let the machine run over him, stickin' the tires full of his needles. He give his life to keep Noah's daughter from marryin' that dude."

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Homo Homini Lupus—

By MAURICE E. BALK

A CONTROVERSY has arisen as to whether wolves are given to attacking and devouring human beings; and, difficult as it is to prove a negative, the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that such is **not** their habit. If so, the verdict is in accordance with the generality of authorities who have written on the wolf, though of the animal's rapacity and voracity there can still be no question.

The North American Wolf is certainly far from having sunk to the same degree of wildness as the North American Indian, whose ferocity lives only in story books for schoolboys. But most of us, who only know wolves at the Zoo, or by hearsay, would probably accept with reluctance any definite proof, if such could be established, of the complete innocence of wolves—however ravenous—in the matter of human blood.

Little Red Riding Hood's peril makes too long established a tale to be rejected even on assurance of those who are familiar with wolves.

From time immemorial the wolf has typified to humanity the wild beast of hunger, and from hunger to an attempt to devour the nearest living creature, man or other, is a short step.

If the wolf had not appeared to threaten Horace, why should the poet have recorded, as an unheard-of portent, the flight of one from him as he sang unarmed in the Sabine grove, the name of his lady love? Or does Horace's wolf represent an allegorical foe, like the wolf which Dante saw at the beginning of his mystic journey, or merely his own hunger as he walked along?

But "Homo homini lupus" is the saying, and it goes farther than what is implied by keeping the wolf from the door, or crying "Wolf!" Similarly, "What gudgeons are we men!" says someone in Gays opera; and to call a man a shark is to express an opinion of him unmistakably.

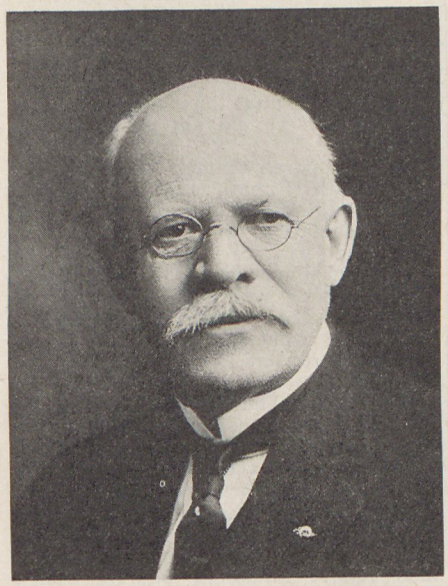
All these are types of the voracious. Man's moral bestiary is full of such examples, but they are not always just to animals.

We know, for instance, that an ass is not invariably the donkey that he looks; and even serpents may be mistaken or misunderstood. An enlightened humanitarianism will probably wish to revise many of the ethical judgments passed by primitive man upon the animal creations. Animals are to some extent what man makes them, and the supposedly fiercer ones are only fierce as a rule when they are attacked. . . .

They defend themselves, but not always in the manner accredited to them. The animal world has provided man with so full an armory of metaphor, has in fact so much stimulated his ideas and enriched his discourse that it is high time, now that he has proved himself, wherever he goes indisputable master over beasts, that he should acknowledge his debt, be punctilious to revise, if necessary, unfair ancestral judgments on them. The more a certain misanthrope saw of animals the more, he declared, he held his fellow men in aversion.

Until man can justify his own conduct such a proverb as "Homo homini lupus," let him cease to malign the wolf.

William Morgan ("U.M.C.") Thomas



MR. WILLIAM MORGAN THOMAS, familiarly and affectionately known to sportsmen the country over as "U. M. C. Thomas," passed away on November 5th at the age of 75 years.

At the age of 14 he came to the United States sailing from Liverpool in a sailing vessel which required sixty-five days to make the voyage. He came to Bridgeport in 1869 and found employment in the Cartridge Works of the Remington Arms Company, Inc. He was not a "rolling stone" and remained continuously in the U. M. C. Works until his retirement from active service which occurred several years ago when he completed his fiftieth consecutive year of service with the Remington Arms Company and its predecessors.

His reputation as an authority on everything pertaining to ammunition manufacture spread beyond his adopted country and he was several times called to England to lend aid and assistance to English engineers in connection with ballistic matters.

The Thomas pointed bullet is one of the most interesting of his developments. It was this type of bullet with which the American rifle team won the Palma Match at Ottawa in 1907 and with which Americans have since that time held the front rank in rifle competition and at the international match at Bisley, England, during the present year it was the 220 grain Thomas pointed bullet with which the United States rifle team won against seven competing international teams.

For many years Mr. Thomas attended the more important shooting events throughout the entire country. He was always interested in seeing for himself the performances of the various types and kinds of ammunition. Through his attendance at such events he became widely known and well loved among the shooting fraternity who dubbed him "U. M. C. Thomas," a name which always followed him and which was used by those who knew him best as a term of friendship and affection. His friends everywhere mourn the passing of a widely loved gentleman and a real pioneer of the ammunition industry.

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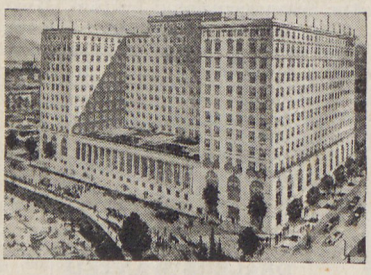

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A Day Set Apart

(Continued from page 276)

"Well, you stays in the bushes, I goes around to the other side and scares them up, and you ambushes them."

The ducks must have suspected our ambush, for we did not get a shot at them.

Alec proposed to take us "rambling" over South Bimini, and we followed him through a maze of mangroves and other vegetation, until we were foot-sore and weary. He said that we might get some pigeons, but they were in the woods where the undergrowth was very heavy, and he was afraid that if he went after them he would tear his trousers, and then, he said, "I would be shabby indeed."

March 16. The storm continues, but the moon changes, and we hope for better weather. We find ourselves out of fresh water, except the supply which we carry in bottles for drinking purposes, and almost out of fresh meat, so Charley, George and Lou go ashore and secure an option on the pig. They also report attending church, but I dunno.

March 17. The wind abates—shifts to the south. We try bonefishing at night, but with no success. One strike, which may have been a shark. He got away.

March 18. Bonefishing within the bay. Charley got one weighing six and a half pounds. The wind shifted to the northeast, and we were fearful of the possibility of starting tomorrow as planned. After we had gone to bed and were almost asleep we heard Alec sculling along, and the Captain called to him, "Alec, if you get me a bonefish I'll give you three dollars."

"You are not fooling me, are you Cap?"

"No, I'm not fooling you."

"All right, I war gwine snapperin'."

He abandons the "snapperin'," and in about an hour returns with the bonefish—a small one, weighing only three pounds, but Alec got the three dollars.

March 19. At 8 a. m. we set sail for Miami. I watched the cocoanut palms until they faded from view, and then realized that we had bade a final farewell to these "Friendly Islands" of the Atlantic. I seemed to hear a voice chanting this weird refrain:

"I am the spell of Bimini,—
I am to dwell, fore'er with thee,
There's no farewell, for you and me,
Sail though you will across the sea."

I went below.

Editor's note: We believe that in one particular Mr. Peek is misinformed in his article as we are under the strong impression that bonefish are as plentiful 100 miles south of Miami as anywhere along Biscayne Bay.

Grizzlies of the Sierras

(Continued from page 279)

he wanted, he could do no more than jerk off my boot. Instead of making a grab at my foot, however, he seemed rather to fondle it which very much surprised me, and I then changed tactics a little and managed to reach down with my hand and feel his paw. There was no sign of any thrusting out of his claws, but on the contrary he seemed to be quite content to let me stroke his paw.

In looking down on him I noticed something shining under his jaw and on a more careful examination I found it to be a chain around his neck and the shining object attached to the chain was bright like silver, about the size of a silver half dollar but of an oval shape. I then concluded that he had been in some menagerie or, possibly, some time had been the pet of some one. This discovery made me less afraid and in fact inspired confidence in the friendly advances he had been making. I moved down until I could look closely at the tablet he wore. It was bright and evidently solid silver and bore this inscription "Joaquin-(- -)Miggle's Friend." Then I knew that he was the same pet bear that had accompanied Miggles on her outdoor run to look at the raging river the night that the stage coach, with its passengers, was obliged to stop at her place on account of high water (but that's another story).

I then shook Joaquin's paw with both hands. I got down and gave him what was left of my lunch, which he seemed to relish very much. I felt sure he would do me no harm. I said to him "Joaquin, I must be going, will you come along with me?" Whether he understood me or not I don't know, but I put my hand on his neck and started down the trail and he came along for several rods, then stopped and I could not induce him to go farther. He reared up, standing on his hind legs and reaching out his right fore paw with the evident wish of shaking hands, which no doubt was something he had been taught by his former mistress.

Seeing that he would go no farther with me, I caught his paw with both of my hands and shook it with all the strength I had and this seemed to please Joaquin very much—then I started on, he turning to go back toward the basin. Before reaching the steep down grade I turned and looked back and Joaquin had turned to look at me in the same way. I shouted "good-bye Joaquin," and we each went our separate way.

As I went on I could not help thinking and wondering how it happened that this tame, harmless, friendly grizzly was living here in the solitude of

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this vast wilderness. Did he, becoming tired of civilized life, voluntarily leave his kind mistress, and yielding to his native instincts for a free, wild life, make his way into the wilderness and find a home and companionship with the wild savages of his kind? Or, what is more likely, that Miggles finding herself unable to keep him, rather than turn him over to some menagerie or zoological garden, where he would most certainly be confined to narrow quarters, possibly a cage—had turned him loose in the wildest of wild woods, where he could find a home with companions of his own nature. At all events, there he was and I know that I have one good friend in the heart of the Sierras.

Bird Lore

(Continued from page 301)

In order to get "more bird" and less scenery on our pictures, a portrait attachment was procured. Then we could move the outfit closer to the mess table and get larger pictures. In this way we made quite a number of credible exposures, including the three herewith submitted for the prize contest.

Sincerely yours,
Ernst Keil.

The camera used was a No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak equipped with a Kodak Anastigmat. The three pictures were made at No. 8 opening and 1/50 sec. exposure under good light conditions.

E. K., we can see where you and the Missus are having a lot of fun. Keep us posted on your bird visitors this winter.

Some time ago a business man of Chicago, a bird fan and a reader of this magazine, called us on the phone to inquire about our Bird Photo Contest. Before we got through talking with him he said he was coming right over to show us his pictures and come he did. R. S. Churchill of Highland Park is the gentleman in question and please note the result of his photography. As to how he secured these and under what conditions here is his description:

"The rather unusual locations selected by the birds for making their nests is of interest.

"Wrens like company, and frequently build near human habitations, if they are not molested. The wren shown in this photograph, however, was a little more intimate than any I have ever seen. She chose for her home our mail box which is attached to a supporting column of the kitchen porch about five feet from the ground. People entering the house and automobiles coming into the place passed directly by the box frequently all the time that the birds were nesting.

"Upon seeing the wrens take possession of the mail box a sign was posted as noted on the photograph and a temporary mail box installed. Wren houses are usually solid boxes of some sort and it is difficult to see either the eggs or the young birds. As this mail box had a hinged front we had an opportunity of opening it, seeing the seven little brown eggs and watching the birds develop, up to the time they flew. The parent bird sat close by while these observations were being made and did not seem to object.

"In order to locate their nest in a satisfactory position in the box fully two quarts of twigs were brought in which filled it level to the opening—a considerable task for two small birds.

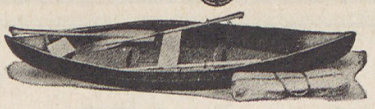
"The box in which the robins have made their nest was put up on a post to hold a Pyrene fire extinguisher as a precautionary measure near a camp fire cooking place. The fire extinguisher was put away for the winter and before it was taken out and put in place for summer use the robin family had taken possession of the box. They remained until the four children found homes elsewhere.

"These photographs were taken with a stereo camera. The Richard Verascope. Size of picture 45x107 mm. Lens f4.5. The exposures were made with a home-made device to release the shutter with an electric magnet."

Mighty interesting, R. C., and you sure have been right on the job with your camera. Hope your little wren shows up this spring and decides to become one of your summer boarders.

Next month—more bird pictures for you and more experiences. Meantime better start your feeding stations if you have not already done so and last but not least——

Happy New Year!!!



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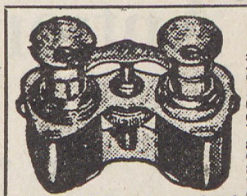

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. . . . . .

Izaak Walton League of America
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Dear League:

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Name*_____

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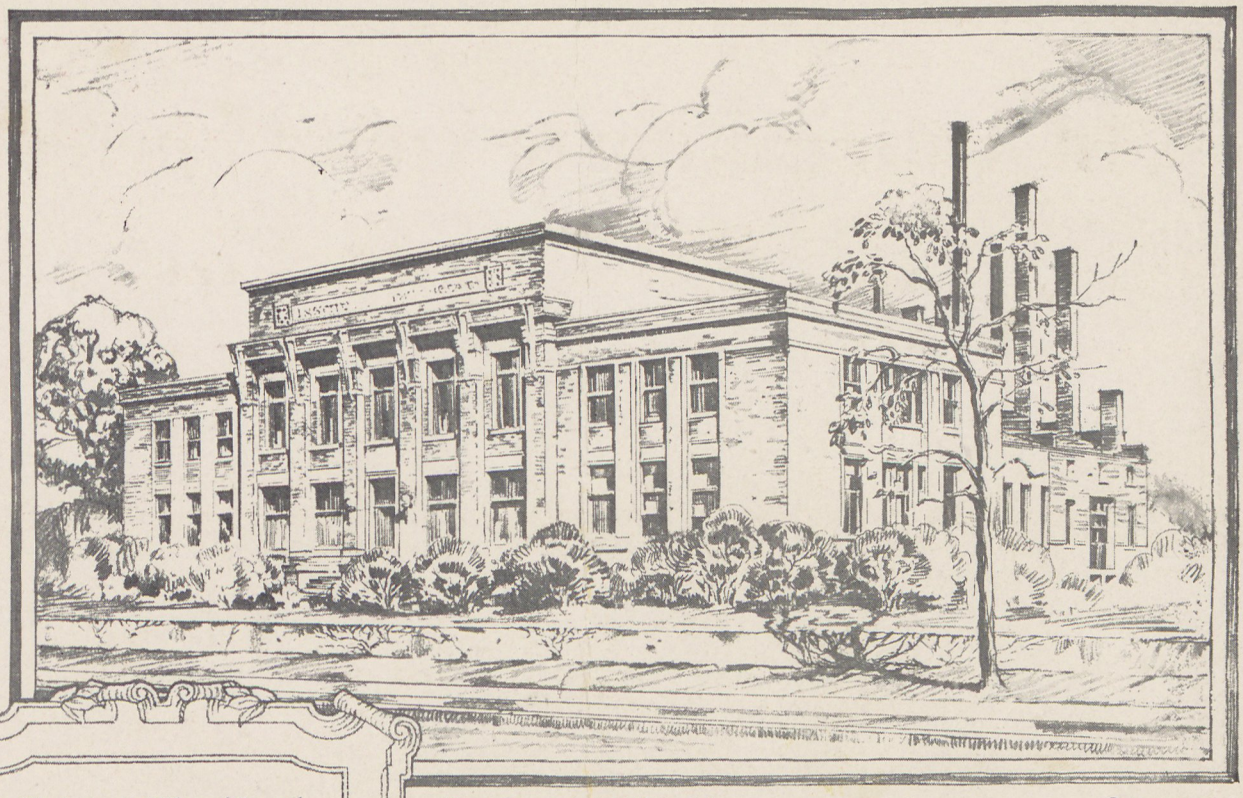

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